Week ending October 15 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

WILFRED PICKLES tells his own LIFE STORY

BANDAGE THAT PAIN AWAY

NEW VAPOUR THERAPY GIVES **PROMPT** AND **PROLONGED** RELIEF

Rheumatic Sufferers everywhere are amazed to find what blessed relief simple bandaging can give. When applied, a Polyestol Bandage releases Methyl Salicylate vapour for absorption into the system. This is excreted up to forty-eight hours or more after the bandage is removed in ten times greater quantity than that resulting from "rubbing in" with Oil of Wintergreen Ointments or Liniments. Doctors can endorse this. Sciatica, Fibrositis, Lumbago, Neuritis, Muscular Rheumatism . . . all can be successfully treated, often after months, sometimes years of suffering.

Price 5/6, from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Ltd., and other chemists.

JB

POLYESTOL TRANSPARENT Regd. *Pain-Relieving* **BANDAGE** TYPE 101

Manufacturers and Patentees:
POLYESTOL LIMITED
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Scientific

You just can't ignore it!

WATCH YOUR COMB! Falling hair means starving hair, first step to baldness. It is nature's warning that your bodily supplies of hair foods are running low. Be warned in time. That hair can be saved. Saved by Silvikrin.

Silvikrin contains the foods your hair is dying for—Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other vital elements. For severe dandruff or loss of hair use Pure Silvikrin.

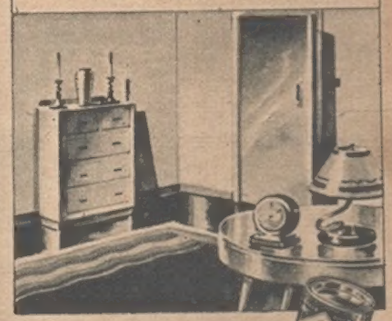
Use Pure Silvikrin in severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. As a daily dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion—or, for dry heads, the new Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil.

Silvikrin
THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

JB

20/2/0

Lacquer your home a lovely colour



Start on a Chair or Table, it's so easy to get a beautiful lacquered finish. A tinlet will do it—it's ideal too for doors or any paintwork. Dries in 2-4 hours. No brush-marks, no smell. Tinlets only 1/3, ½-pints 3/4

JAPLAC
ENAMEL LACQUER PAINT

Write for Pattern Card – 25 lovely colours – also leaflet
COLTHURST & HARDING LTD - BRISTOL

REFRESHING

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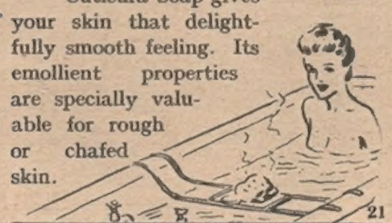
Cuticura Soap gives your skin that delightfully smooth feeling. Its emollient properties are specially valuable for rough or chafed skin.



21

Cuticura SOAP

BRONCHIAL sufferers-

a simple tablet treatment to help you breathe more freely

JB

The causes of bronchial troubles are widely varied. So are the symptoms. No treatment, therefore, can be equally effective in all cases. But since the introduction of Anestan, an impressive number of bronchial sufferers have found this preparation a ready means of relief.

The reason lies in the Anestan formula, as printed on every bottle. Its active constituents have a three-fold beneficial effect. Anestan is a reliable aid to bronchial sufferers because it

1 Relieves spasms 2 Softens and loosens mucus
3 Eases congestion in the air-passages

Anestan Tablets are also recommended for Spasmodic Coughs and other breathing troubles. Obtainable in trial packs at 2/-, and bottles at 5/- and 8/9, from all registered chemists.

FREE BOOK: Write to Anestan Ltd., Dept. J2, 59 Brook Street, London, W.1.

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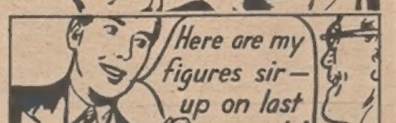
Fred's a HUMAN DYNAMO NOW!

"Yet barely a month ago . . .

"His work was behind—his excuse was constant headaches—said he was doing his best but felt completely worn out."



"Yeast-Vite did the trick! Fred's output is amazing! He's got real drive and go and says he feels a new man since taking Yeast-Vite."

"I said we'd give him another chance and advised him to try Yeast-Vite. I knew Yeast-Vite was more than a pain reliever—it gives just the vitamin tonic benefit Fred needed."

If You Suffer From
HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NERVE PAINS, or SLEEPLESSNESS

You, too, should try

YEAST-VITE

JB

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets - 1/6 and 3/8

RELIEVES YOUR PAIN AND BUCKS YOU UP!

BROBAT *Suds*
GENTLE TO THE HANDS

GRAND FOR WOOLLENS SILKS AND NYLONS
ONLY 8½D FOR A FULL 10oz PACKET
CLEANS EVERYTHING ALL THROUGH MY HOUSE
DOES ALL MY WEEKLY WASH
NO COUPONS
IMPROVED

JB

BROBAT *Suds*

EDITORIAL

More crops, more beasts, on our 'margin' acres!

WHAT'S THE SUREST WAY to make devaluation work, with the pound now buying less overseas than formerly?

The answer is: Grow more food at home.

Between the devalued pound in the housewife's purse and the little week-end joint in her larder there is a close connection. If reducing the sterling exchange rate for the dollar makes the joint scarcer, smaller and dearer, then in the long run devaluation will fail. We cannot indefinitely keep up Britain's effort and Britain's morale if our diet is to get poorer.

So back to the farms! And where there are now no farms, make new ones!

It is three-quarters of a century since the population of Great Britain last lived on homegrown food. True, the population has nearly doubled in that time. But today, with fifty million people, we are growing far less food than we did with a population of twenty-seven millions.

And whereas in those far-off days of the 1870s we were the wealthiest nation and could afford to import all we wanted, today it is a matter of life and death to avoid spending on food the money we need for raw materials to keep our industries going.

Back to the farms, indeed! Why should we be struggling to grow nearly two million acres of wheat when we once grew four millions without the aid of mechanization? Yet the Government, on announcing its wheat target recently, was told that it was uneconomic and would mean wasting money and labour on unsuitable land!

THERE is a big gap somewhere between what our farms *can* produce and what they *do* produce. That gap exists in spite of all the excuses about former farmland being given over to buildings and roads and aerodromes.

The truth is that arable farming—the growing of crops—has declined so much that the present generation does not even remember how much land was once ploughed to grow corn.

We now pay eight hundred million pounds a year for imported food, but the official target for two years ahead is only enough homegrown food to feed little more than half the people. Obviously that target will have to be increased, and the full power of the Government put behind the drive to reach higher figures.

There are two ways to help hit our targets. One is to get more food out of the land already in use. The other is to bring new land into cultivation.

That new land—or old land gone to waste—is waiting, 15,000,000 acres of it. Some experts put the figure even higher. It is called marginal land, and it now consists of rough grazings, the margins of our mountains and moors. Two-thirds of it is in Scotland, some in Wales, the rest in northern England.

The point about this marginal land is that it is only unproductive because it has been neglected. Much of it can be cultivated to grow crops which will feed livestock. Much more can be turned from coarse grazing into first-rate pasture by reseeding to improve the grass.

IF the Government will plan, legislate for, and press on with the development of our marginal land with the same vigour and imagination it has shown over ordinary agriculture, it will confer a vast permanent benefit on the nation.

All this sort of improvement costs big money. The State must step in.

But here is a form of capital investment, by and on behalf of the taxpayer, which is more urgent even than house-building. Food comes first—and it *can* be got from these neglected millions of acres if machinery, fertilizers, seeds and labour are poured into them.

Action must not be delayed. All enlightened farmers and landowners would back Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, in a determined attack on the derelict hillsides where no crops grow and few beasts graze. This is not a political issue. Even those who dislike State intervention in other spheres have demanded assistance in reclaiming land.

Meanwhile the established farmlands of Britain are doing steadily better. Meat and dairy cattle have increased by 650,000, sheep by nearly three millions, pigs by a million and a quarter, and poultry by ten millions. But most of these increases have been made possible by importing more feeding stuffs.

And that is not the way to keep them up. We come back to the marginal lands—whose crops could feed an ever-growing livestock population.

Of course there is still more to be done in East Anglia and the Lothians and other rich farming districts. Methods can be improved, science given a say in swelling yields, bad farmers taught better ways or cleared out, and more men restored to the land by offering them new houses and a fuller life for their families.

Make no mistake about it — this problem of homegrown food is the most important one we have to solve. Find the right answers, and the day which sees Great Britain feeding her own people from her own soil again will see us at last free from all serious economic anxieties.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
OCTOBER 15, 1949 VOLUME 86 NUMBER 2259 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

BE A

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Your razor seems sharper . . . your blades last longer . . . your face feels smoother . . . all thanks to the wonderful lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream, with its soothing effect on the skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the quickest, easiest, sweetest shave you ever enjoyed.

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In tubes and jars, whichever you prefer. 1/6

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58-62 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1 Branches throughout the country.

"Have a go—try it yourself," says Wilfred Pickles

As one of the lucky owners of a Ronson Lighter, Wilfred Pickles demonstrates the famous Ronson single-finger action; press—it's lit, release—it's out. Besides having this unique advantage, the Ronson is also a beautiful piece of British precision-engineering, and will give a life-time's reliable service—which, as a canny Yorkshireman like Wilfred Pickles knows, makes it well worth "the munny"

WHY FAMOUS PEOPLE CHOOSE THIS LIGHTER

THEY must have the best and the Ronson Lighter is world-famous for style and reliability. It lights up first time every time—with the single-finger Ronson action. In spite of export priorities, these masterpieces of British craftsmanship are obtainable—at all good tobacconists, jewellers and first-rate stores.

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Beware of imitations—look for the 'Ronson' name.

Ronson lighters are made in many different styles and finishes designed to please every taste. Prices from 38/6.

"There's nothing like it!" and there's nothing like CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

for a brilliant shine in half the time

In BLACK, Lt. BROWN, TONETTE (Dark Stain), OXBLOOD and WHITE.

Made from the finest quality waxes it adds extra life and comfort to your shoes

Tins 3½d. and 7d.

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Free Speech

WHY NO HOUSES TO LET?

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES such as my wife and I are bewildered when we pick up newspapers and find in them advertisements for hundreds of houses for sale. I know from friends in other parts of the country that the same situation exists elsewhere.

Many of the houses advertised here are large ones with ten or twelve rooms. Some of the advertisements are for one room only, but again that room is for sale and not to let. Prices are so high that many of these houses and rooms have been standing empty for a long time. But we never see houses to let, although thousands of young couples are desperate for them.

I, for one, have faith that there is a great future in Britain for our children. But if nothing is done to break this housing ramp there will be no children to enjoy the future.—JOSEPH DARTNESS, 211 Mosspark Drive, Glasgow.

Unfair To Witnesses

FOR THE FIRST TIME I have been called as witness at a magistrate's court. I hope it will be the last. It has left me wondering why witnesses should be given accommodation hardly as good as that for the defendants.

For more than two hours I sat in a draughty and depressing room, on a hard form with no back, forbidden under dire penalties to smoke and with nothing to look at but the people opposite. Eventually I was told that my evidence was not required after all.—T. G., London, N.7.

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EXAMINING THE FRAMES of the boys' cycles at my school today, I found that out of thirteen cycles, eleven had no braking power at all. No harm in father picking up a bargain. But he should make sure that it is roadworthy.—SCHOOLMASTER, Glamorgan.

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I AM SECOND COWMAN on a farm and recently we had some calves to be earmarked. The fellow who did the marking pulled from his bag what might have been a pair of blacksmith's tongs. The numbers were metal plates with spikes which fitted into the ends of the tongs. The crunching sound as these spikes drove into the calves' ears and the bellows of pain were enough to sicken anyone. Surely something can be done to get a more humane method used.—D. H., Kent.

Adult, 2½d.; Child, 6d.

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For years we have been trying to educate parents to the value of these schools. It would be a pity if parents contemplating transferring children to such a school should become frightened and refuse permission as the result of reading such articles. — WILLIAM R. NICOLSON, Fairmuir Special School, Dundee.

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F 35

FOR SENSITIVITY,
tonal quality, and trouble-free service, this new Ferguson 259A Model makes Radio history as sheer value for money. 5-valve three waveband superhet for A.C. mains; 8" speaker; switched extension speaker and pick-up sockets. Tone control. 3½ watts undistorted output. Polished walnut cabinet. Ask your Ferguson dealer for a demonstration.

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Advertisement of Thorn Electrical Industries Limited, 105-109 Judd Street, London, W.C.1

STONE'S
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In 1939 a bomber carried 28 radio valves. Today, it has 448. Tomorrow? That shows how skilful the experts must be who service the radio equipment of the Air Force. So, if you are keen on wireless, join the R.A.F. now and be among the first to acquire the radio techniques of the future. Your training as wireless fitter or mechanic will launch you on a career of increasing interest and importance, both in the R.A.F. and in civil life.

Send the coupon (without obligation) for information about this and all the other skilled trades open to young men (17½ to 33) who join the R.A.F. for five to twelve years.

Learn your trade in the
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TO:—AIR MINISTRY, DEPT. JB28X, VICTORY HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2
Please send full details of R.A.F. careers (open envelope—1d. stamp)

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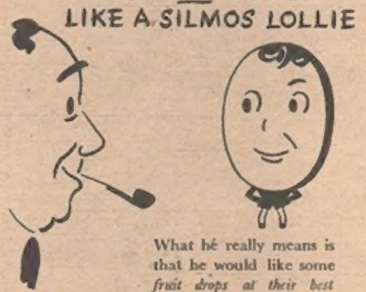
EX-AIRMEN SHOULD ASK FOR DETAILS OF £125 BOUNTY SCHEME

Whatever the pleasure
Player's
complete it

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD [NCC 713N]

DADDY, I DO FEEL LIKE A SILMOS LOLLIE



What he really means is that he would like some *fruit drops at their best*

BATGER'S
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Keep Smiling
WITH
Victory V
GUMS & LOZENGES
Still in short supply

"Have a go—try it yourself," says Wilfred Pickles

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Portrait of Lydia

by A. A. MILNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD FORSTER

Had he fallen asleep over his books and dreamt it all? Could this glorious girl, met so accidentally, love him? It took Arthur six years to find out

She said: "It meant being a model or—the other thing. You don't despise me?" Arthur said: "No, no, no!"

ARTHUR CARSTAIRS WAS BORN in London in 1917, to the sound of one of those air raids which have seemed so small an affair since, but which were so terrifying then. His mother was continuously frightened anyhow, for her husband was a subaltern in Flanders, soon to be killed.

Mrs. Carstairs and her baby retired to a cottage on the outskirts of the country town of Kingsfield, and lived as best they could on what little money there was.

When he was old enough, Arthur went as a day boy to Kingsfield Grammar School. Not surprisingly, he grew up a quiet, rather shy, industrious boy, with none of the vices and few of the picturesque virtues, clinging to his mother more from a sense of duty than because he desired no other companionship.

When she died on his twentieth birthday, he had never kissed a girl, nor climbed a mountain, nor swum in the sea, nor spent a night in the open, and all the adventures he had had were adventures of the mind, romantic, exciting, but, as he well knew, not for him.

Mr. Margate, one of Kingsfield's three solicitors, and a good friend of his mother's, had given him his articles, and had promised him a post in the office when he had passed his finals.

It seemed to him now at twenty-one that he would remain in Kingsfield for ever, a commonplace lawyer whom the world passed by. Perhaps, he thought sometimes, it would be better if he tried for a job in London when he was qualified.

In London adventure waited on the doorstep, as his reading of Stevenson assured him. In London jewelled hands beckoned to you from broughams. . . .

ON his mother's death her cottage had been sold, and he lived now in lodgings close to Mr. Margate's office. Occasionally after dinner he would go round to the Cap and Bells and have a glass of beer; not because he liked beer, nor the atmosphere of public houses, but because he felt that in this way he was seeing life.

He was a nice-looking boy, with an earnest, innocent face which appealed to ageing barmaids, who called him "Ducks," as if they really meant it, and made him feel a man. And a rather highly coloured sporting gentleman called Platt, who frequented the Cap and Bells, had made friends with him one night over a double cherry brandy, and had received, as one man to another, all Arthur's confidences.

This encouraged him to think more hopefully of the future. He told himself that, when he had passed his finals, he would open out a little more, spending at least three evenings a week at the Cap and Bells. He might even learn to play billiards, which Platt had offered to teach him. His own game was chess; but an offer to teach Platt chess had been unacknowledged at the time, and not repeated.

Presumably, in the noisy environment

of the public bar, Platt had not heard.

On this January evening in 1939 Arthur had just finished dinner and was sitting over his books, when his landlady put her head in at the door and said suspiciously: "There's a lady to see you."

He looked up with a start, trying to make sense of it, and then asked nervously: "Who is it?" He had the absurd idea that Doris the barmaid had come to fetch him, and that Mrs. Heavitree didn't approve of her.

"Didn't give a name. Said she wanted to see you professionally."

"Oh! Oh well, you see, the office is closed, and she may have gone round to Mr. Margate's house, and he may be out, and she may have been sent——"

He broke off, thinking ashamedly: Why am I such a coward, why am I apologizing for what is none of her business? He said firmly, looking as much like a solicitor as he could: "Show her up, please, Mrs. Heavitree."

As she closed the door, he hurried into his bedroom and brushed his hair. A pity that the remains of a rice pudding were on the table, but if she were a nice old lady they could laugh it off together.

There was a knock at the door. He called, "Come in!" and she came in.

ARTHUR stood up to receive her. He had been preparing to say "Good evening, Mrs.—er—won't you sit down and tell me what I can do for you?" What he did say was "Good Lord!"

She was young, she was lovely, she was everything which he had hoped that a girl might be, she was the girl of his dreams. He stood gaping at her.

She had a low, deep voice, wonderfully sweet. She said: "Do forgive me, Mr. Carstairs, for coming at this time," and he pulled himself together and said: "Not at all, sit down, won't you?"

Apologies for the springs of the armchair and the death-throes of the rice pudding rose to his lips, but her pretty "Thank you," and the smile she gave him left him speechless. He told himself that, as once or twice before, he had fallen asleep over his books, and presently would wake.

"Mr. Carstairs," she said, "you are a solicitor, are you not?"

"Well—er," he said, "yes, no—er——"

"Oh dear!" she said. "I thought you *were* a solicitor."

"Well, I am in a way. What it comes to is that I could give you my advice, my help, unprofessionally, I mean without payment—but then," he hurried on, "of course I shouldn't want that anyhow, I mean——"

She smiled and said: "You mean I could thank you without offending your legal etiquette?"

"Yes, of course, I mean—er—well, perhaps you had better tell me what it is. I expect it will be all right."

"It's a question of a will. Must you have a qualified solicitor to write a will for you?"

This was easy.

"Anybody can write a will. People generally employ a solicitor so as to be sure of covering all the ground, and the solicitor employs a special legal language so as to be sure of doing this. But anybody can write in plain English on a piece of paper 'I leave my gold cigarette-case to John Smith,' and if it's properly signed and witnessed, John Smith gets it."

She smiled at him delightedly and said: "Then there you are! You read this will which my father has made, you assure him as a friend that it is legally correct, it is signed and witnessed, and then we thank you, we show our gratitude"—she held him for an endless moment with her wonderful eyes—"in any way you wish. So long, of course, as it does not include six-and-eightpence." She laughed as she ended, and her laughter was divine music to him. Nobody had ever laughed like that.

"That's right," he said, laughing, too.

"Then you will come with me?"

"Of course, if you really——"

"To Norton St. Giles?"

He nearly said: "To the ends of the earth!" but stopped himself just in time.

"Norton St. Giles? I don't think I——"

"It's a village about twenty-five miles from here. We're a little way out of it. The Old Barn."

"Twenty-five miles! I say! Yes, I suppose so, but I don't understand."

She pressed his hand, thanking him with her eyes, and, surprisingly, sat down again. She smiled at him, and said: "I knew I could be sure of you. So now I'll explain. My name is Lydia Clyde. My father and I live alone together. I am all that he has left in the world, and I am devoted to him. He is, I am afraid, a sick man."

She put her hand to her left breast. "He may die at any moment, the doctors tell us. . . . For weeks now he has been insisting that he must make a will, so as to leave me provided for. You know how it is; one puts off doing a thing for years, telling oneself that there is no hurry, and then, when one suddenly decides to do it, every wasted minute seems of importance. So I arranged with a London friend of ours, a lawyer, to come down for a night. I would meet him at the Junction, for we are many miles from a station. But he is not there! So I ring up my father, and I learn that our friend has telegraphed to say that he is prevented from coming. My father implores me to find some other lawyer and bring him back with me. He dare not put it off any longer. Foolish, unreasonable, I know, he may live for twenty years yet, but"—she shrugged her shoulders—"sick men *are* unreasonable. And I cannot have him worrying. So—" she broke off, and looked at him gratefully—"you!"

"Yes, but how——"

"You have met a man, Roger Platt, at—the Cap and Bells, is it?"

"Is he a friend of yours?" he asked, surprised.

"We have known him a long time, but that is not to say that he is a man I approve of altogether. Poor Roger! He is not"—she smiled at him confidingly—"our sort. But he has spoken to me of you. He has a great admiration for you, did you know? So, when I was so badly in need of a friend, a friend who was also a lawyer, but a friend who was young enough not to mind doing an unusual thing, I remembered suddenly what he had said of you. You will come? I have my car outside."

"Of course," said Arthur, flattered to think that he had made such an impression. But he looked at her in a puzzled way, for there was something which still didn't make sense.

"But you are an only child. Why the urgent need for a will? Everything will be yours anyhow."

She gave him the most pathetic look which he had ever received from a human being. She turned away from him, and her lovely head drooped upon her shoulder.

"I didn't want to tell you," she murmured, "I wanted to keep my poor little secret. But I cannot have secrets from my friend. You see, Arthur, I am his daughter, but—oh, must I say it?" She looked forlornly at him.

"Oh!" Now he understood. "You mean—he never married your mother?"

She bowed her head.

He got up, saying, "I'm a fool. Forgive me. I'll just get my coat." As he went into his bedroom she looked at her watch. It was seven forty-seven.

They said little on the way. As they wound out of the half-lit streets into the deep blackness of the country lanes she asked him if he were ever frightened in a car, and he said: "Not with you." She gave him her hand for a moment, saying simply, "I am a good driver and the roads will be empty."

He was too happy to be frightened. Once or twice his heart turned over, but her reassuring smile, her little apology, brought forgetfulness.

THEY flashed through a village and she said: "Barton Langley, half-way," and he looked at his watch to find that it was only just after eight. Twelve-and-a-half miles, that was fifty miles an hour! Fifty miles an hour on a pitch-black night with a lovely girl: this, he told himself, was life. He closed his eyes happily, and went into a dream. . . .

"There! Thirty-three minutes. That's as good as I've ever done at night. Come along!"

She switched off the lights, took his hand, and drew him after her. She opened the front door into darkness, saying: "The lights went this evening, you must keep hold of me," and he was glad to be still holding her hand. They went into a room on the left.

It was a man's room, lit now by many candles; plainly furnished with a couple of comfortable chairs and a sofa, all in green linen covers on which were brightly coloured patchwork cushions. At a gate-legged table with a check tablecloth, an elderly man was playing patience. He rose, sweeping the cards together, as Lydia said: "Darling, this is Mr. Carstairs, who has kindly come to help us."

Mr. Clyde bowed low from behind the table, saying: "Mr. Carstairs, I am your most obliged humble servant." He was an oddly old-fashioned figure, thought Arthur, in his black velvet jacket and black stock, with an eyeglass, dependent from a black ribbon, now in his eye.

He had a long, pale, rather melancholy face in a setting of crinkly, silver hair, but his eyes shone alertly, and his hand, as he held it out, did not tremble. After all, thought Arthur, why should Lydia's father be more than fifty? It's only the hair which makes him seem old.

"I'll get the drinks," said Lydia. "Have you got the will there, Father? We mustn't keep Mr. Carstairs." She took a candle and went out. Arthur turned to watch her go, saw the picture on the wall, and gave a gasp of astonishment. Mr. Clyde, fumbling among some papers on his table, presumably for the will, said: "Ah, you have seen my Corot."

Arthur was surprised, for he did not associate Corot with nudes, and it was certainly difficult to associate him with this particular one. She sat on a rock, her crossed feet just in the water, and she was leaning back on her hands, looking up into the sunlight, her eyes bright with the joy of living.

She was so real, he felt, that if he called to her she would look down and smile at him. For the face was the face of Lydia, alive, unmistakable.

He looked quickly away, and saw what he supposed was the Corot on the other wall. Pale, delicate fantasy, a dream world, an eggshell world which broke at a touch, insubstantial fairyland which somehow made the other picture doubly alive, filling the room with Lydia.

"It's lovely," stammered Arthur, and the old man chuckled to himself.

AND now Arthur was to be shocked into admiration again, for on a small table in the window a chessboard was laid out, with the most elaborately carved red and white ivory men that he had ever seen. The knights were real knights, the bishops real bishops; to sit down behind them would be to fight a battle, not to play a game.

Lydia came back with a tray. Arthur felt shy of her suddenly, afraid to look at her with the secret of the picture showing in his own eyes.

"I must have left it in the other room," said Mr. Clyde, coming from behind his table. "No, no, Lydia," he cried testily, "I am *not* dying. I *can* walk into the other room. I am *not* going upstairs." He took a candle and went out.

She felt Arthur's uncomfortableness. She took his hand and deliberately turned him round to the picture. They looked at it together.

"Are you shocked?" she asked gently.

He blushed and said: "It's too beautiful for that. I've never—it's just beauty. Oh, Lydia!"

"I was a model before my father found me again. It was either that or—the other thing. You don't despise me?"

"No, no, no!"

"I think it is only a few special people who recognize me. To most it is just"—she shrugged—"'Aurora' or 'June Morning' or 'Sea Maiden.' But you are different." She pressed his hand and left it as the old man came back.

"Now, Mr. Carstairs, here you are. It's quite short, as you see, and I don't want any old nonsense about messuages and hereditaments, because I haven't got

Continued on page 20

SAX ROHMER'S NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

IT is late at night when the general calls on Storm Kennedy, private detective, but not too late for Kennedy to drive out into the fog—and into the mystery surrounding the general's beautiful daughter, Lady Hilary.

So starts Sax Rohmer's latest thriller, *Hangover House*, which will be serialized in JOHN BULL starting next week. In thrills, suspense and surprise twists, it is as good as anything that this famous author of mystery novels has ever written.

Almost as much a mystery man as any of his fictional characters, Sax Rohmer has successfully kept his private life out of the limelight since his first book, *Dr. Fu Manchu*, was published in 1913. His age is a secret; his early life is a secret; but the news recently leaked out that his pen name, Sax Rohmer, is now his real name, adopted by deed poll from the original Arthur Sarsfield Warde.

He was born in Birmingham, is married to an ex-variety artist, and has had a lifelong interest in Egyptology and the supernatural.

Make sure you read the first instalment of *Hangover House* which starts in . . .

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

MY LIFE by Wilfred Pickles

Second instalment of Wilfred Pickles's autobiography exclusive to John Bull

I become shop boy

Father goes to the war . . . I want a mill job; mother will not have it, so I try my luck at an outfitter's

THE MOST MOMENTOUS day for me in the early part of the first World War was when my father went to join up. They asked him his trade and he was immediately put into the Royal Engineers.

He was as popular among his Army pals as he had always been at the club in Halifax, and to this day he goes to the annual reunions in Manchester. Only a few months ago an old soldier turned up at the stage door of the Palace Theatre, Manchester, where I was playing, and shook my hand warmly. "And how's thi dad?" he asked.

Then he told me how much he had enjoyed the show, but added: "If tha doesn't mind me saying it, tha art not so funny as thi father!" I might have known that would come!

My mother missed my father's laughter and high spirits and I knew she was finding it desperately hard to keep us going on a sapper's allowance; but how poor we really were did not occur to me until my mother told me one day that Arthur was leaving Rishworth Grammar School and would be starting work when he came home.

My Wage: 1s. 6d. A Week

Arthur was quite content to start out on his career, which was to prove extremely successful, and at the same time virtually to take my father's place in the home. He was more level-headed than I, and was very businesslike, so that his new responsibilities never troubled him; indeed, they brought out all that was best in his character.

My contribution to the family exchequer was a modest one but it gave me a feeling of importance to be able to do something to help the family by earning. I was paid one-and-sixpence a week as an errand boy.

This was my first job and it meant rushing from school at lunchtime to a grocer's shop, where I collected a basket which I took to a confectioner's about three-quarters of a mile away to pick up loaves and tea-cakes. These were later included in the orders for several families which I delivered five evenings a week.

I was twelve when my brother Richard was born. I do not know what were my precise feelings, but I harboured a resentment and looked on him as an interloper into the family circle which I

Behind the counter of the Halifax shop, Pickles has a reunion with his one-time boss, Harold Mitchell (left). When Pickles announced he was going to leave the job, Mitchell told him he'd make a first-rate commercial traveller

Pickles and Mitchell reconstruct a boyhood disaster—when Wilfred was closing the shop, the iron bar on the gate slipped and shattered the plate-glass

had watched develop. My father was in Egypt when our baby arrived and by now he was writing often to me as well as to my mother.

His letters were painstakingly done and could have been placed alongside the best of the light writing that was coming from the front lines. My brother Arthur was so sure of their quality that he forwarded them to the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, in which four of them duly appeared.

"Woman Wi' A Pinny"

Here is a bit from "In Hospital," where he described first seeing the doctor and then eventually arriving at the hospital itself:

"Well, I managed to get inside at last, an' by gum it were a fine place. It were full o' beds, an' t' floor were nicely polished, an' I noticed 'ut it smelled nice an' warm. About half o' t' beds were full (course they nobbut hold one), some were asleep an' some were wakken.

"Then I saw a woman wi' a long white pinny on, an' a long white table cover on her head. I don't know what she put it theer for—happen so as she'd know where to find it at tea time.

"When she saw me i' t' doorway, she come up to me as quiet as a mouse, an' she asked me what I ailed, an' she spoke that quiet I thought she were afraid of her husband coppin' us! Well, believe me, as soon as I telled her, she shoved a long glass tube i' my mouth an' then she got hold o' my wrist.

"Well, we stood like this for a bit, an' I were beginning to feel a bit nervous wi' this glass thing in my mouth an' her hold o' my wrist. I'd nobbut one hand at liberty, so I put that i' my pocket an' stuck to my brass, for there were nobbut eightpence between me an' starvation.

"Well, she pulled this thing out o' my mouth, an' stared at it as though I'd bitten some off, an' then she looked at me an' said, 'You're 101.'

"'Nay, Missus,' I says. 'I know I've aged since I come in here, but I'm not half that yet.'

"She laughed and says, 'You funny man. I've taken your temperature.' I don't know what she meant but she hadn't gotten my eightpence for that were i' my hand. . . ."

With the war dragging grimly on, I was restless for change. I felt, too, that I could be far more useful to my mother.

Although only twelve, I had vivid memories of the unique northern beauty of the mills in winter, with light blazing from scores of windows. No dirt or smoke, only light.

On cold, rainy nights, the mills looked anything but "dark and satanic"; there was a warmth and a proud challenge in the solid mass of light which suggested an activity that went on without supervision and in all weathers. I loved the lights and for years I had wanted to enjoy them at both ends of the day.

I asked my mother if I could become a half-timer at the mill, which would mean starting work at six o'clock in the morning.

"Now whatever's taken hold of you?" she asked.

I remained silent for a moment. Then I said: "I want to see what it's like being a doffer at Blackburn and Bray's."

My mother hesitated before agreeing and I gave her no chance to change her mind.

I was out of the house and on my way to Blackburn and Bray's.

Looked At My Clogs

On arrival at the mill I was shown into an office and told to wait. Within a few minutes there appeared a tiny man with piercing eyes which almost shot out at you from behind rimless spectacles. I was startled, too, by his sharp black beard, for all the world like the Frenchman's of the popular imagination.

This man was something far beyond my experience. It was like having an interview with a king. For a moment he looked straight at me, at my clogs and my hair and into my eyes.

"So you want to be a doffer?" he said.

"Please."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Are you an early riser?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure about that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Start on Monday."

He took my name and address and waved me away. Thankful and overwhelmingly relieved that it was all over, I backed out and closed the door.

Relief changed to joy as I ran home. I found my mother washing up at the sink in the corner of the living-room. She looked round quickly as I dashed in. "Now what's all the fuss about?" she queried.

"I'm starting Monday, mother," I said, trying to curb my wildness and to pretend that getting a job was not really so difficult. But I was intensely proud and, while I did not expect a display of enthusiasm from my mother, I thought there would at least be a tribute to my eagerness.

But she went on with the washing-up, saying: "You don't know what t' mill is, lad, you take it from me."

"But I want to work. Our Arthur does. I want to go to Blackburn and Bray's."

"Listen, lad, I was a weaver once. Mill life's no good for you. I've been thinking it over and I don't think you'd better go."

"But . . ."

"You're not going into the mill." My mother did not look at me and went on with the washing-up.

Disconsolately, I went outside and walked slowly along Summergate Place, turning over in my mind ways in which I could prove to my mother just how much I really wanted to get to work; and although I skipped over my hatred of school, I knew that the prospect of spending only half my time in classes offered at least the same appeal as work itself.

We Scoured Small Ads.

Another problem was to find a job my mother would not object to. Presently I got her interested in the question and one night, going through the small advertisements in the local evening paper, we saw that Mitchell's, a ladies' and gents' outfitters in Crown Street, Halifax, wanted an errand boy half-time.

The following morning I reached Mitchell's before the shop opened, and waited. When the owner arrived, I was relieved to notice how friendly his eyes were.

I liked him immediately and, inside the shop a few minutes later, I found my first impression was justified. He was kindliness personified. And he engaged me on the spot. Five shillings a week for working in the mornings from half-past eight to twelve o'clock!

On the Monday of the following week I had it all worked out clearly. I knew my instructions as thoroughly as I remembered passages from some of the books I was still reading.

Everything had gone smoothly. My mother had been quite calm about it all, but at least she had shown no resentment, and I had finished with Parkinson Lane Council School for good, having been transferred to Warley Road Council School which catered for half-timers.

Promptly at half-past eight, Mr. Pearce, the manager, arrived to find me standing by the wooden entrance gate which he unlocked. No sooner had he ventured into the shop than I was chasing round to the backyard with the gate which I had lifted from its hinges.

Then I darted down to the cellar to rake out the boiler fire and stoke up again. Mr. Pearce, a small, alert man, smiled as I returned with a bucket full of sawdust which I moistened with water before sprinkling it on the shop floor. "And now I sweep it all up," I thought, remembering Mr. Mitchell's orders.

All those little jobs fell into place without difficulty; but filling the bucket with hot water and mopping the floor depressed me. It was the one job I hated.

Then I swept out the stockroom upstairs and continued down the steps, sweeping each one until I reached the cellar floor. My collection of dirt was swept into an empty shirt box which I moved from step to step. My working pace increased so steadily that I was able to complete my jobs by ten o'clock and I would then be set on dusting the counters, the drawers and the boxes, until the first parcels were ready to be delivered.

I enjoyed taking parcels round because it meant being on my own for a spell, apart from the great surprise of the job, which was to discover so many places in Halifax I had never seen before. Then, of course, delivering parcels meant tips; usually I got a threepenny piece for handing over such things as a trouser press or a woman's blouse.

Boss Called Me Over

By this time I liked everybody at Mitchell's and the boss must have taken to me, too, because when I left school at thirteen he called me over as I was leaving one morning and said: "How about coming to us full time, Wilfred?"

I had no ready answer, for I was without definite plans about what I wanted to be, although I had experienced spasms of enthusiasm for work behind the counter at Mitchell's.

"It's up to you. You go home and talk it over. We'll pay you ten shillings a week," said Mr. Mitchell, patting me on the shoulder as a gesture of farewell.

I stayed on.

One Saturday when customers were waiting to be served, I suggested to Mr. Mitchell that I might help in serving.

"Certainly, have a go," he replied. And he handed me a counterfoil pad. From that time I served each Saturday and enjoyed every moment of it, particularly when we were busiest.

Then, one night as I was placing the front gate back on its hinges, the iron bar attached to it as part of the lock crashed through the plate-glass window. I was overcome with shame and horror.

My career seemed suddenly to be shattered into as many pieces as the window. The staff came rushing out to look, first at the gap, then at the broken pieces, and finally at me.

Mr. Mitchell appeared. I felt dreadfully small. He glanced at the damage and said: "Dear, dear. Well, never mind—off you pop." And I knew I was forgiven.

Father Came Home With Ideas

It was in the same year—1917—that the family moved back to the village of Warley into a cottage that belonged to the well-to-do family of my Aunt Janie's husband—the Summerskills.

I was fourteen and big for my age when my father came home from the war for good, full of ideas and promises and determined to make a start in business on his own account as a builder. He was obviously set on having me as an assistant.

I was ready for a change from the shop work at Mitchell's, partly because of the distance between my home and work, and again because I felt that an outdoor job would offer more freedom. I had no fancy notions about making beautiful buildings or anything like that; everybody had to do a job and I felt I might

From the Pickles Album . . .

as well be building with my father as shopkeeping with Mr. Mitchell.

For what artistic ideas I may have had, or whatever ideals and longings, were all centred on reading. Now I was borrowing from the public library poetry and plays, and I had discovered Shelley, Keats, Galsworthy and Shaw.

An ardent churchgoer—I was cross-bearer at church and server at Holy Communion—I was always on the spot when the Sunday School people were putting on a play, anxious to snap up any part and even volunteering to prompt. If I got a job on the business side of the footlights I was happy.

One operetta, *Zurika the Gipsy Maid*, especially stands out in my memory. My brother Arthur took the lead as the prince, and the gipsy maid was played by a girl who later became his wife; the stage romance blossomed into the real thing.

I had a token part as a page, with one line to speak, and that only on alternate nights because another enthusiast of my own age also fancied the rôle. I had no objections. I was behind the scenes, a part of the goings-on, and that was what mattered to me.

Whenever it was possible I would steal as many moments as I could to stroll round the theatres. In the mornings, all I could see as I peeped inside the stage door of the Palace Theatre was a pilot light that threw a wan glow on to the stage of the darkened, lifeless place, giving it an air of mystery and, somehow, of tragedy.

Imagined Myself Great

Dreams I had, and wonderful moments of self-deception when I saw myself as a great actor. Alongside the old, ornate Theatre Royal ran a dimly-lit passage where the queue formed for the pit stalls and, which also led to the stage door.

In the evenings I waited for actors to appear and watched them hurrying through the passage and past the line of people. Then, pulling up my coat collar I followed, walking quickly, urgently, and wondering if those people were thinking I was an actor and hoping to heaven they were.

The awful moment came at the end of my parade, for instead of turning in at the stage door, as I felt everybody expected me to do, I had to slip out of the passage and out of my dream world into the dismal and chilling Horton Street.

One day while I was still at Mitchell's, I was spellbound to see that great actor Fred Terry coming into the shop, confident, serene and just as I had seen him in *The Scarlet Pimpernel* at the Royal. I stared at this wonderful creature and then glanced all over the shop looking for the way people would react.

Perhaps I expected a deferential bow or something of equal tribute from every member of the staff and each customer, but nothing happened. They all carried on with their jobs as if Fred Terry were Bert Smith, of High Street, Halifax. I was disgusted.

One of the assistants stepped forward. "Yes, sir," he said brightly. "What can we. . . ."

"I want some underpants," said Fred Terry.

I was still staring. But gradually the words sank in. Underpants! Fred Terry buying underpants! Fred Terry *wearing* underpants! It was one of the greatest shocks of my youth.

My stage ambitions were not limited to hero worship and I was gradually finding my feet as an entertainer at Sunday School concerts. My act was recitations. People invited me to other Sunday Schools and every week found me in some out-of-the-way part of Halifax I had never seen before, not even on my rounds for Mitchell's.

The worst part of my departure from Mitchell's was the moment when I had to tell Mr. Mitchell about my plans. I put off that awkward situation for as long as I could and finally approached him hesitantly.

He was dismayed at the news, for he had as strong a liking for me as I had for him. He was sure he could have trained me for a big job. I had the makings of a first-class commercial traveller, he said. It would have been easy to get me started later with a big wholesale firm.

Mr. Mitchell's Parting Words

All these things and more he told me, and none sprang from self-interest but only from a genuine desire to put me on the road to the career that suited my temperament best.

His final words before I left after my last day of service at the shop were: "All right, Wilfred. And the best of luck to you. You can always come back if you don't like it."

Mr. Mitchell is still in business and I was delighted when I met him again a short time ago. He asked me for a photograph of myself to display in a showcase in the shop.

Getting my first pair of overalls was the first step to becoming a builder; and once I had donned them I longed to get cracking on job number one, the alteration of some stables attached to "The Sycamores," a large detached house in Warley.

My father had talked so much about it over meals that to my mind it was an undertaking no less important than the building of a new cathedral or a multiple store. As I set out that first morning of working with my father, I remember, my mother waved us off.

The stable was a dilapidated, grey-stone offshoot of the main property, with a roof of thick grey slates which we had to strip before dismantling the walls and rebuilding.

We were soon hard at it, my father dressing up that part of the building which was fit to be retained, while I cast down the stone slates from the roof. Clouds of dust rose as I tore out the slates and sent them crashing down.

When it was time to knock off, I felt I was not so dirty as a hard-working building aprentice ought to be, and while my father was occupied collecting tools and equipment I scooped up some mortar and rubbed it over my face.

My father did not notice any change, but it was not lost on the person it was meant for—my mother. She looked straight at my face and said: "You've been hard at it, haven't you?"

My father was whistling as he got ready to wash himself in the kitchen and my mother called to him: "How's he gone on?"

"He's a rare good worker," he replied. I seemed to have made the grade.

So I Rolled Up My Sleeves

Each morning my father and I got up together and he brewed the tea, which he invariably drank out of his saucer to save time. On the job at half-past seven, we knocked off at nine o'clock for breakfast. More work rolled in and we strengthened our staff by the addition of a labourer.

I was concerned about getting my arms brown like those of the new man and I rolled up my sleeves first thing in the morning and kept them like that for the rest of the day. After a few days they got red and sore and tiny whitish patches appeared. However much I tried, I never overcame that burning.

The Summerskills thought a lot about their property. They were a good-living family, strong Congregationalists and home-loving. One Saturday morning I noticed the autumn fall had spread a thick covering of leaves all over the large grounds of "The Grange," the home of Aunt Janie's brothers-in-law, Pliny and William.

I had often heard what a nuisance leaves could be and when the idea struck me that our hens might enjoy scratching in them, I picked up a sack from home and filled it. As I was leaving the gates of "The Grange" a villager told me she would like some, too.

This Set Me Thinking

After surprising the hens with this new luxury, I returned with the sack. It was William who answered me when I rattled the knocker: William, the successful business man in his own right, a co-founder with Pliny of an engineering firm at Sowerby Bridge, where my uncle Herbert was manager.

"May I—er——?" I said, holding up the sack. "You see, Mrs. Hardy would like some leaves, too."

He looked at me rather sternly. "We can't supply all Warley wi' leaves," he said. And, regarding me again, he disappeared behind the door, which was closed quietly.

As I walked away down the drive, I started thinking again. I was reminded of that narrowness of outlook I had noticed before, and my waning respect for the folks who were better off and for those small-town Napoleons dropped still further.

And although I was not convinced where my road lay, I had a notion that my love of books and good writing and, not least, of the stage, might be sign-posts.

The following week, after calling at the public library and reading some poetry and excerpts from plays, I spent several weeks' savings in one buy—a collection of Shakespeare's works, which cost me five shillings. And that night I sat by the hearth and read part of it to my mother.

Suddenly she got up and said: "I think you'd better 'ave some lessons in acting, lad."

Lessons in acting! I had never thought we would be able to afford it. But here was my mother suggesting it!

First World War family group: brother Arthur, Wilfred, father and mother. Even in the Army, Pickles senior kept his reputation as a bit of a wit

NEXT WEEK: I Join A Dramatic Society

Marjorie Gillespie: "I am fighting a grim rearguard action. I retire slowly. I never lose heart"

I've Cancer—and I cherish every hour

by MARJORIE GILLESPIE

ALMOST certainly condemned to death by cancer, the Chiswick, London, wife who wrote this moving personal testament is no stranger to hardship. At twenty, a schoolteacher in Lincolnshire, she contracted meningitis. Later, she ran a guest house in London, went bankrupt.

First hint of cancer came two years ago when she felt an irritation while bathing. She was operated on, and thought she was cured. Last April, she learned the truth: it had spread through her body.

Mother of three children, Mrs. Gillespie wrote this simple statement of beliefs "in the hope that it will help others who also suffer."

THE SURGEON HAD BEEN regarding me silently and intently for quite a few seconds, but my mind was occupied with the brilliance of his freshly laundered coat and the way the March sunshine made a halo round his fair head.

I forced myself to remember his recently spoken words, dropped into the silence of the room like pebbles into a quiet pool. I was being condemned to an early and painful death.

I sat quite still, waiting to feel fear, horror, or at least something unusual, but all I could muster was a faint surprise tinged with excitement.

It was almost as if someone had suggested I take a rather novel kind of holiday. No doubt the feelings I expected would follow in due course, when the reality of the situation had sunk into my mind.

I decided not to worry my nice family straight away, at least until I had planned some philosophy to meet this rather alarming development.

I have always been quite a normal person in my outlook on life, revering my Creator and respecting all religious thought without professing any very profound views myself.

I decided to do as God Himself bids in His Holy Writ—put my hand into His and leave the issue to Him.

Night after night, before I slept, I reminded Him most humbly that I trusted Him to supply me with courage to meet the coming day.

Doctors Eased Pain

The doctors, meanwhile, continued to administer a helpful drug, and placed at my disposal all their care and kindness, to ease my pain.

At this time, walking was the direst agony and accomplished with the aid of two sticks and a terrific amount of willpower. I decided to return to work if my employers would allow me, which, out of sheer kindness of heart, they did; and every afternoon found me in my old familiar place, doing a few hours of routine office work.

How I came to love my colleagues, every one of them! The very files and papers, typewriters and telephones were dear to me. The charmed circle of normalcy enclosed and comforted me, gave me confidence and hope, and brought forgetfulness of my plight for a few hours.

In my home, I did what I felt I could—a little cooking, mending, reading, resting, talking, always looking for the laughter of life that lies in such unexpected places.

All this was not accomplished easily. My relatives and colleagues lent me their hands and arms, their kind thoughts, their love—while my husband's understanding companionship, my children's love sustained me.

Cut Down Drugs

Slowly, I walked more easily. I was taking less and less pain-killing drugs and after two months the medicos were astounded to find that many of the growths—my unwelcome squatters—had diminished in size and those in my leg had vanished entirely.

It seemed as if my trust in God had indeed not been misplaced.

It is now six months since that fateful day and I have just had my forty-second birthday, and although I am not likely to win this fight with the dread disease, at least my toes are dug well in and I am fighting a grim rearguard action. I retire very slowly and I never lose heart.

I cried for help and courage in my distress and I was given an abundance. Instead of fear, I find myself full of love for every living thing; the beauty of nature's simple things is clearer, brighter and has more meaning for me.

I take my husband's arm and help choose the daily shopping; we stop to watch the children playing, to watch lovely shadows from tall trees, to watch people about their daily rounds. And I love it all passionately. Having gone a little way into The Valley, I realize how pleasant and lovely is the unpretentious side of life.

I still have my domestic worries: too little money to meet too many demands, constant need for care in the household, the rearing of a family. But withal, I am conscious of a deep satisfaction and happiness, all of which seems strange when I know, and my doctors know, that there is not a long time left to me.

Love And Faith

I am convinced that love and faith are the keys to the mystery. The love of my own dear ones, and my faith in God's goodness, and trust in His ability to bring me safely to that bourne which is my destiny.

I know there are many, many people afflicted in a like manner. I wish I could reach them all personally and like some vast mother put my arms round them all to comfort them as I am comforted.

If I could parcel up the love and resolution in my heart and send it as a tangible gift to all my fellow sufferers it would make me supremely happy. Alas! I cannot. But some may read this who will find help. I give them greeting and goodbye from one whose life's journey is almost done.

K.K.K. terror still stalks America

by EDMUND ANTROBUS

Groups are forming to fight the Ku Klux Klan. But the terror that began as a child's trick is as active as ever

Klan members on parade in Alabama. Negroes, Catholics, Jews and trade unionists are on their black lists

NEW YORK

THE SETTING FOR THE Klonclave of the Invisible Empire of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan was a weedy, dung-strewn cow pasture outside Chattanooga, Tennessee. A group of hooded, white-robed figures were gathered, ant-like, under an enormous, white-painted, wooden cross.

A Saturday night crowd of spectators—farm and mill folk—gathered behind the roped-off area. Some pointed to the hooded men and identified their ranks solemnly as Dragons, Kludds, Klokards, Titans, Kavaliers and Cyclopses.

Twilight shrouded the scene. Suddenly the petrol-soaked cross burst into fingers of flame and cast an eerie, flickering light on the phantom figures. An exalted Kavalier crossed my path, lifted his hood, and took a bite out of a double-scoop ice-cream cone. A sound truck played "Oh Love, Oh Love, Oh Careless Love."

The hooded men, aloof from the crowd, gathered in small groups. Several produced bottles of "corn likker" from under their sheets which, illuminated by the flames, showed a need of laundering.

Women Can Join, Too

A group of bobbing heads nearby indicated a serious discussion. Approaching, I heard a high-pitched voice bemoaning the rising cost of margarine. This, as the handbags clutched outside the robes indicated, was the women's auxiliary of the Klan.

The initiation ceremony began. Shabby figures shuffled from the spectator group, fell into step and moved towards an altar made from an upturned soap box. Over it presided a green-robed Klansman.

Removing his mask, he gave the long-winded ritual, studded with oaths and outlandish words beginning with K, the predominant letter in Klan vocabulary.

Then the Klabee (treasurer) took the Klektoken (initiation fee): two pounds ten per head, half-price to ministers of the Protestant Church, though mercifully no member appeared to be present. A Kleagle (recruiter) looked on approvingly.

A Klansman stood up to speak. "There ain't a nigger equal to a white man. . . ." There was no dissent, but his voice grew plaintive as he continued this theme. Thumping the soapbox altar, he declared the Klan was a Christian movement which based its stand on a chapter of Genesis which revealed that God Himself had segregated the races.

Although Klan meetings have been going on since the American Civil War, this recent one occurred in the wake of violent demonstrations, cross burnings and floggings that rivalled the K.K.K. terror of the 1920s.

The Whip For Voters

In Mumford, Alabama, two Negro families sold their homes and announced they were leaving town after nocturnal visits by white-robed gangs. Three Negro boys were seized at gunpoint in Columbus, Georgia, and beaten by men who called themselves Klansmen. Whipping posts were found, after primary elections had been held, indicating that Negroes who had defied the unwritten law by voting had been brutally punished.

Wrecked in the early thirties by internal schisms and the growth of public decency, the Klan had revived at the end of the recent war. After three high-riding years it plunged into a climax of bloody demonstrations last June and July.

The Klan is now variously estimated to be from 20,000 to 265,000 strong. Southerners flocked to join in a postwar hysteria agitated by President Truman's Civil Rights Bill which promised better opportunities for Negroes. These recruits were also troubled by the wholesale demobilization of Negro veterans from the Army of Democracy who sought recognition in civil life.

Among enlightened Southerners, postwar outbreaks of kluxery have created great alarm and distress. Now, volunteer groups are forming in the South to fight the kluxers on their own, strong-armed terms.

Protests from newspapers and religious groups moved the State of Alabama, and more than forty cities in other states, to make it a misdemeanour, punishable by a £125 fine or a year in jail, to appear in public wearing a mask. But the robe and hood may still be worn.

Last July, Florida's Governor Fuller Warren castigated "hooded hoodlums and sheeted jerks of the Ku Klux Klan" after night raiders near Birmingham, Alabama, had flogged several citizens, including women, for violation of the Klan's "moral code."

It is important to note that these victims were white and that the Klan's enmity is by no means directed at Negroes alone. The Klan stands for "white, Protestant supremacy of the South." Catholics and Jews are on its black list.

Combination Of Hates

The spread of trade unionism, often referred to by the Klan as the "spread of Communism," is also considered a threat. "The worst anyone could be in the eyes of the Klan," one critic says, "is a Catholic Negro who is a member of the Congress of Industrial Organization." This combination of hates seems to implicate the Klan with Fascism.

Klan crimes often go unpunished because some members of the police, many sheriffs and law enforcement officers, are actually Klansmen. They do not necessarily participate in night riding or flogging, but at big Klan meetings the cuffs of blue uniform trousers often show under the robes.

Although a policeman may feel that a Klan beating or demonstration is wrong, his loyalty to what the Klan stands for may come first. This is the Klan's strength. Hated by decent-

Crowning of Lycurgus Spinks, "Emperor" of the Ku Klux Klan. Of opponents, a Klansman said: "Just remember who they are—for later"

minded citizens, the Klan's tentacles sometimes ensnare them.

A recent example of this came up during the Alabama court case which led to the unmasking order. Seventeen white men, including a deputy sheriff, were arrested for flogging and intimidating their fellow citizens.

It looked as if Alabama were cracking down. The State Attorney-General announced: "There will be no let-up. We shall strike this bunch of bums on all fronts."

Then an anti-Klan Birmingham newspaper dug into the records of members of the jury who were to sit on the trial. One juror had been a Ku Kluxer himself. Another had served two years in prison for a felony. Five others, including the foreman, had police records.

But the final embarrassment came the following week. The judge, too, it was revealed, had been a Klansman back in 1925.

Gangs Are Poor Whites

It is the poor—and uneducated—white, who must establish his identity by exercising prejudice against the vast coloured population, who participates in most of the Klan violence. But the entire South, due to its peculiar history, cannot wash its hands of Klan guilt.

To understand this, it is necessary to go back to the terrible aftermath of the Civil War, during which period the Klan was started. Beaten to its knees after four years of savage fighting, the South saw Northern politicians (carpetbaggers) hustling down to pick over the bones. The conquerors used the vote of the newly enfranchized Negroes for their own ends.

Determined to recover their dominion, Southerners felt their first task was to wrest the ballot from the Negroes. Those Britons who saw the old film classic, *Birth of a Nation*, may recall how this was accomplished.

The hero, a defeated Southern soldier, returns to his homeland to find it overrun by Northern politicians who are urging bewildered Negroes into political office for nefarious Northern interests. Walking into the woods one day he sees a white and a coloured child playing.

The white child, innocent of the idea he is to plant in the mind of the unseen observer, playfully covers himself in a white sheet and confronts the Negro child who runs off in fright.

Scared By A Trick

The soldier conspires with friends the next day, then, garbed in white sheets and hoods, the group rides into the Negro section which "had got out of hand." Thus frightened, the "bad" Negroes mended their ways.

Film-maker D. W. Griffith, a loyal Southerner himself, omitted telling of acts of violence in this account of how the Ku Klux Klan was born. He set the tone of paternalism—of helping "good darkies" for their own benefit—which is professed by Klan leaders today. There is no official explanation for how the Klan got its name, although some say that Ku Klux Klan is the ominous sound a rifle makes when it is cocked.

First organized in 1860, by 1880 it had done its work and disappeared. To make doubly sure there would be no new Negro move towards the polls, Southern States wrote disguised discriminatory clauses into their voting regulations.

In 1915 a new Klan appeared. Led by Imperial Grand Wizard William J. Simmons, it achieved a nation-wide membership of six million people.

Eighty-five per cent of all Southerners in public life were members at one time or another. It ran state politics. None would oppose it.

In the twenties the Klan wrote up a bloody record. Southerners argued that the Klan of that time had nothing to do with the organization formed after the Civil War which, they said, and still do, served the South against Northern greed and oppression.

There is some truth in this, but most of the stigma which distinguishes the Klan today—flogging, white robes, night riding, fiery crosses—dates from that early period. Klan philosophy is still based on Southern "nationalistic" concepts of a defeated group.

But, in all fairness to the South, it must be remembered that the North, with its violent reprisal after the Civil War; helped indirectly to nurture the Klan. And, though centred in Georgia, there are Klaverns (branch Klans) in almost every state of the Union. A generation ago, Oregon in the Pacific north-west, two thousand miles from Georgia, was the strongest Ku Klux Klan state outside the solid South.

In the twenties and early thirties the Klan raked in Klektoken to the tune of nearly twenty million pounds! Few political organizations could boast such funds.

Secret Of The Hoods

Klan critics like to say that much of this budget, then and now, is derived from the sale of sheets and hoods which the Klan farms out under contract to a manufacturer. Klansmen, garrulous about almost everything else, will not say what the sheets cost and what they charge for them.

It was the solid financial status of the Klan, however, that brought about its downfall in the early thirties. Seeing it as an untapped gold mine, racketeers and gangsters obtained a certain share of control.

The Federal Government moved in with its theme song of tax delinquency which has put many a seemingly invulnerable character on the skids. And the Klan had its internal troubles. Groups split off, retained the Ku Klux Klan label, but did not contribute Klektoken to the central organization.

These things, plus strong public condemnation, led to serious trouble. By the middle thirties the Klan was kaput.

The power which revived the Klan after the war was an Atlanta, Georgia, obstetrician named "Doc" Samuel Green: anaemic-looking, soft-jowled, with Hitler's absurd, brush-like moustache, watery blue eyes, slight frame and high-pitched voice. He died in August of this year.

"Doc" Green consolidated his power in 1946 after winning a battle with the Government over taxes. The Federal Government's suit to recover £150,000 in back Klan taxes was instigated simultaneously with an attempt by Georgia's Governor Ellis Arnall to dissolve the Klan.

The Government and the Governor, Green said, were both barking up the wrong tree. He claimed to be Grand Dragon of the Association of Georgia Klans. The organization the law was looking for, he said, was an outfit led by someone called "His Majesty, Imperial Wizard, Emperor of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

This group, Green said, had been dissolved and he had no interest in their debts whatever.

Time after time Green said he was affiliated only with the Georgia group, but he once told novitiates kneeling before an altar topped by a lighted cross that he was the chief of Klansmen everywhere. It was he who issued the order for Klansmen to take off their masks after it had become law in Alabama.

Washington Is Helpless

The future of the Klan will depend a great deal on "Doc" Green's successor, Lycurgus Spinks, of Thomasville, Alabama, and also on the success of Southern groups who have organized to fight it. Last April the then Attorney-General, Tom Clark, named the Klan as subversive: it advocates force to deny constitutional jobs. But action from Washington can do little to stamp it out.

The Constitution provides for a legal system of local government called "States Rights" which prevents the Federal Government from stepping in and interfering with affairs of individual states.

That is why Washington cannot pass anti-lynching and anti-poll tax laws.

Another reason for the Klan's invulnerability is that, although an illusion to the contrary exists in the North, it is not a secret organization. It applies every year for corporate registration—"Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc."

It was no secret when 50,000 sheeted men marched down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington in 1925, and it was no secret last June when a white-robed Klansman took over the policeman's job at a street corner and directed traffic to a local klonclave.

The unmasking order may seem a little stifling, but after learning what occurred in Pell City, Alabama, on August 21, the impression dissolves that it will harm the Klan. As the unmasked but still hooded and robed Klansmen gathered for a parade through town, a Klavern chief warned his men not to take exception to remarks from the crowd.

"Just remember who they are," he said. "We'll take care of them later."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

What You're Worth

THERE is a well-known poem that begins: "Let us now praise famous men." Some poet should write another, beginning: "Let us now praise ordinary men."

My favourite epitaph is the one bestowed long ago by an Archbishop of Canterbury upon his statesman and poet friend. "How many rare things were in him," he said. "Who more loving unto his wife? Who more kind unto his children? Who more fast unto his friend? Who more moderate unto his enemy? Who more true unto his word?"

It is not the heroic virtues that count for most and wear best. It is those that can stand up to the demands and use of daily life. The old sneer that "no man is a hero to his valet" conceals a lot of truth!

The best way to appreciate someone's real worth is to forget how he poses in public, and see how he behaves towards those nearest to him.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

London Palladium stage manager Harry Brack laces up Joy Nichols's dress. Harry started his Palladium career working lights ninety feet up in the dome

BACKSTAGE BOSS

by LAWRENCE EARL

The stage manager must never flap—not even when lions break loose or artists play practical jokes

HARRY BRACK, A QUIET, heavy-set man of fifty-three with a jowly, lobster-red face, is currently and without fanfare spending his twenty-fifth anniversary as stage manager of the London Palladium, a theatre looked on as a kind of Mecca to headline variety acts throughout the Western world.

To the public Brack is as anonymous as a Highland shepherd, yet when Danny Kaye, for instance, comes to the Palladium, one of his first acts is to wring the stage manager's pudgy hands as if they held the secret to Danny's phenomenal London success. In a way, they do.

Brack, backstage skipper of a crew consisting of twenty-six men and one boy, is responsible for the precise timing which makes the Palladium turns run, as visiting artists keep saying, more smoothly than any others in the world.

String-puller

With a complicated system of signal lights and bells, he gets the orchestra into place, sees that everything is set and ready on the stage, arranges for curtains to be raised and lowered, signals his call boy to page the next act and tells his men precisely when to pull wires, snap switches, open trapdoors or organize any special bit of stage business that can make—or, if mistimed, break—a singer, dancer, juggler, musician or comedian.

In his years as boss of the Palladium stage, it is inevitable that occasionally wires have become crossed, scenery fouled and curtains tangled. This kind of thing can be a nightmare to any stage manager. "But," says Harry, "I've got my crew so well trained the customers never once have suspected anything was wrong."

But Harry breaks out into a cold rash whenever he thinks of the Crazy Shows that played the Palladium some years ago. Jimmy Nervo, he recalls, was a fast man with a practical joke on or off the stage.

Once comedian Eddie Gray had to make a particularly speedy change, and to accomplish this left his second costume just off-stage. Nervo spotted this makeshift arrangement. Day after day he nobly resisted the temptation to play the obvious trick, but eventually he could hold off no longer. Grabbing a hammer he quickly nailed Gray's shoes to the floor. Then, outwardly all innocence, he waited.

When Eddie stepped off stage, amid applause, he changed according to prearranged plan. When he tried to step back into the limelight, his face turned paper-white.

"Help!" he choked. "I'm paralysed."

Then, seeing Nervo doubled up with silent laughter, he regained his colour, quickly slipped out of his shoes, gave each a yank, bent the nails and hurried into the remainder of his act. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—there is no record of what passed between Gray and Nervo after the show.

Brack reports that on another occasion, Teddy Knox, Nervo's ebullient partner, gave fellow Crazy Gangster Bud Flanagan a panicky several minutes. In a fit of good, clean fun he connected the radio in Flanagan's dressing-room to a microphone in his own. Then he let *his* radio play into the mike so that Bud would hear it and remain all unsuspecting.

Just before Flanagan's turn on the stage, Knox switched off his wireless. Into the microphone, feigning a ripe B.B.C. accent, he said: "There is an urgent message for Mr. Bud Flanagan. Mr. Flanagan's house is on fire. He is advised to go home at once."

Bud's Dilemma

Bud was frantic. Torn between his natural desire to protect his property and his deep-rooted instinct to carry on with the show whatever the cost, he went into his act. Then he rushed off-stage and, without waiting to change, was stepping into a taxi when Knox said:

"Aw, Bud—I was only fooling!"

On each of the two above instances Brack, whose job it is to get everyone on stage precisely on schedule, perspired nervously. He did the same during the recent visit of Danny Kaye.

The Palladium's schedule calls for two shows each evening, the first at six o'clock and the second at half-past eight. Only fifteen minutes divide the two. Normally this barely leaves time for Harry Brack's crew to get the stage changed over for the next show. But

It's perfect timing that makes a show run smoothly. Brack gives his call boy orders for paging the acts. Below: A peep at the audience

when Kaye, in response to wild audience reaction, stretched his encores longer and longer in the early performance, Brack became frantic.

Standing in the wings, he motioned to Danny that it was time to call quits. Danny, however, felt he owed it to the audience to explain his apparent unwillingness to go on clowning all night. He caught Harry by the wrist and pulled him on stage.

"This is the man who wants to get me off," said Danny with a mad leer. "How about giving him a hand?"

Unexpected Reception

Brack expected a storm of angry boos. Instead, because Danny was such a favourite and had asked for it, he got a great roar of applause.

"That," Harry says, "was my most successful appearance in public." He failed to add that, with one exception, it was, in his twenty-five years as stage manager, also his first.

Brack confesses that for all his long experience he always "gets a funny feeling in the stomach" at every change-over of programme. But to every outward appearance he is always twice as steady and half as large as the Rock of Gibraltar. Carmen Miranda, Edgar Bergen, Mickey Rooney, Martha Raye, Gracie Fields and others who have seen him in action are willing to swear that Harry has an iron nerve, a steady hand and never loses either his temper or his head.

Perhaps this helps to explain an incident that occurred in 1932 when Jean Forbes-Robertson was at the Palladium in the title rôle of *Peter Pan*. The backstage staff decided it would be fun to put on a private showing of the Barrie favourite for friends and relatives.

Harry Brack, all seventeen stone of him, was outrageously cast as one of the twins. Dressed in short, above-the-knee trousers, and wearing a leather harness attached to a wire, he ran around the deck of the pirate ship pursued by Captain Hook who slashed at him with a wicked-looking sword.

"You can't catch me!" Harry taunted, and, just as it looked as if the bloodthirsty pirate would do so, he was pulled into the air with the greatest of ease by the wire to the top of the ship's mast. This was meant to be a gripping part of the play, but out of the otherwise silent audience up piped the voice of Wee Georgie Wood.

"Look at Harry!" Wood cried. "It's the first time anybody's seen him up in the air about *anything*!"

The most frightening experience at the Palladium, Harry says, came during the removal of a one-and-a-half ton unexploded bomb which crashed through the roof early in the war and nested in uneasy comfort on a top corner of the fireproof curtain.

Bomb Started Ticking

"A Naval officer," says Harry, "was trying to remove the time clock from the bomb when, suddenly, it started to tick. It was terrifying. Then, for no apparent reason, the ticking stopped. The Navy man took a look at the clock and turned pale. He said it had stopped only a few seconds before it should have exploded. Yet he took a chance and went on with the job. That's what I call courage!"

Harry also recalls the visit many years ago to the Palladium of an act called Troubka and his Lions. One of the animals was too fierce to be worked with the others and was always kept locked in his cage. But on a certain morning the keeper carelessly left the door unlatched. Leo took advantage of the opportunity to explore, but finally he was discovered, cornered and put back behind bars.

An hour later Harry was checking over some stage properties when he heard a faint cry. He listened. "Is it all clear?" a muffled voice asked.

Harry tried to locate it. Finally he found that it came from a closet used for storing odds and ends. He opened the door. There, perched on a flimsy shelf, four feet off the ground, was a terrified milkman who came to the theatre every day to deliver milk to a troupe of bear cubs in one of the acts. He had had the misfortune to step in off the street and find himself face to face with a roaring lion.

Brack was born in London, only a few minutes' walk from the Palladium. Leaving school at fourteen he didn't immediately find a job to his liking. Then, one evening, he happened to be passing the Putney Hippodrome when a complete stranger rushed out of the theatre and grabbed him by the arm.

"Would you like to come inside and help?" the stranger asked. "We're short-handed."

"Certainly," Harry said. He was put to work guiding a spotlight. Three or four months later a singer, Marjorie Dawson, the Crinoline Girl, asked him to join her act to operate a magic lantern. With this he showed slides, projecting the words of her songs on to a screen so that the audience could join in. He travelled with the act for a year and a half all over Britain. "I got a real, all-round backstage training out of it," he says. "And I got to like the atmosphere. I still do. I'd be lost without it."

When Brack left the Crinoline Girl he took a job in the dome of the Palladium, ninety feet above the floor of the theatre, again working with lights. "After a year of that," he remembers, "I got itchy feet. I went travelling with Vasco, the Mad Musician."

Missed The Boat

Vasco played thirty instruments and it was Harry's job to arrange them before each performance and during the act to hand them to his versatile employer. He did this without error for a couple of years which took him across the face of Europe, but one day in Lisbon he went sightseeing to the vineyards across the River Tagus. Unfortunately, he missed the ferry back, and when he arrived at the theatre, Vasco was already on stage, nervously struggling with his thirty instruments alone. It was then that Brack learned the Mad Musician had a temper.

Back in England he joined the Army—it was now 1915—and served as a signaller until, three years later, a bullet shot away half his jaw. After seven months in hospital he was discharged and applied for a job at the Palladium again. He got it. He has been there ever since.

He worked his way from the ninety-foot-high dome to the flies, twenty-four feet above the stage, and was then promoted in rapid succession to stage hand, dayman, first dayman, assistant stage manager and stage manager. "I worked myself down to work myself up," he grins.

Cinderella Roundabout

The Palladium is one of the few London theatres with a revolving stage. With its help Harry has had charge of some spectacular scenic effects. Of these he considers the transformation scene of *Cinderella*, this year's pantomime, most effective. One moment the audience was in Cinderella's kitchen and the next in the Pixie's Garden. Then, in rapid succession, came the Gossamer Web, the Flight of the Fairies, the Rainbow, the Realm of Ice and Snow and the Land of Make-Believe. "I had my work cut out for me," Harry admits. "Everything was done so quickly and always in full view of the audience."

But most nerve-racking of all shows, both for the performers and Brack, are the Royal Variety Performances. Harry has been backstage captain on eight of these. "But strange to say," he declares, "I was always so busy I've never yet seen the King and Queen out front."

Everyone during a "Royal" has stage fright. Ted Ray, who has a knack for saying the right thing at the right time, echoed Harry's feelings at such an event a couple of years ago.

"The programme attendants," he said, "were selling programmes and ices in the front of the house. Back stage, they were selling aspirins and blood."

"We've delivered babies like picking blackberries," the woman told Boyd, "but we don't understand this one. You'd better telephone the doctor"

Sweet Chariot

Alfred, the village idiot, loved cars. He would stroke them with his hands, thinking: one day I'll drive one . . .

by PHYLLIS HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

MAYBE THERE IS ALWAYS an idiot in a village. Maybe there are idiots in town as well, only they keep their lack hidden under smart faces. Alfred wasn't clever enough to keep anything hidden. He was half-witted, and he never tried to be anything else.

Everyone knew him. But, then, everyone knew everyone in Tortmain, a small, lonely place set so close to the edge of the moor that the gorse and the bramble and the heather washed up against the very walls of the cottages.

Not once in his life had Alfred been out of the village. He had never seen a train or a film or a vacuum-cleaner, and he was as incurious of the high-flying, distant planes as of the birds who were his familiars. He was almost primordial man, a missing link.

Almost, but not quite. For he loved cars, loved them with a deep, unwavering passion, and even Tortmain, to which the sprawling pylons had not yet brought electricity, was able to provide the thrilling spectacle of automobiles, because Boyd Stewart kept a garage.

It was a poor enough living for a man, up there where the snow drifted to ten feet and more in the winter, where the roads led nowhere in particular, and where the villagers were quite satisfied with the speed of their own two feet. But Boyd had been away for years, fighting in the war, and in the jungles of Burma he used to dream about Tortmain, especially of the snow and the east wind which seemed to strip the clothes off your back. Nothing would satisfy him but to settle in Tortmain, so he bought a plot of land and set up a shed, and soon two gaily-painted petrol-pumps were installed.

The day Boyd opened his garage was the greatest day in Alfred's life. He gazed at the pumps as though they were icons, as indeed they were to him. He worshipped them as something supernormal, the manifestation of a power beyond mundane knowledge, and he worshipped Boyd as the acolyte who administered that power.

During the greater part of every day Alfred could be seen lounging about within some fifty yards of the garage, but whenever a car approached, he had to draw nearer. He crept forward stealthily, because that was his way, until he was close enough to touch the car. That was the final ecstasy, to put his hand on it, to feel the smooth curve of the wings, the shining coachwork, the heat of the radiator. Sometimes the occupants of the car would frown, and then Boyd would say, "He's all right. Won't hurt your car. He's kind of keen on them, like some kids are on engines. One of these days I'll have to make him my mechanic."

Alfred thought he meant it. "Can I? Can I, Boyd?"

"Can you what?"

"Be your mech——mech——"

To please him Boyd gave him things to hold, but he was clumsy and could not concentrate. He dropped a heavy spanner on Boyd's foot, and strewed tools about the place where Boyd could not find them, so that was the end of that.

But it was only a little disappointment. Alfred didn't really want to be a mechanic. He wanted to watch cars, and touch them. And of course he wanted to drive one. That was the final peak of his ambition. He used to notice how people stopped, and how they started up. He felt sure that he could drive.

One day Boyd told Alfred that he was going away for a week or two. "You're my friend, Alfred, so it's only fair you should hear this from me. I'm going to be married. Her name is Marjorie, and she's a wonderful girl. One of the most wonderful things about her is that she's willing to live up here in this dump, when she could be down among the nylons and the nice clean pavements."

Alfred did not say much, but he was filled with the wild, unreasoning jealousy of an animal. Everything was going to be spoilt. A woman was coming to live with Boyd, to break in on the lovely peacefulness of the garage. Boyd was his friend. It was good when they were together, just two of them. He didn't want anything but Boyd and the cars and the petrol-pumps. He didn't want a woman making a noise and acting as if the pumps were her own. The pumps wouldn't like it. He would hate her. He would probably kill her.

The talk he heard did nothing to slake his anger. "She'll be no good," said the women, sniffing. "What does he want with a foreigner?" By this they did not mean that the future Mrs. Stewart was

not British, but that they would have preferred Boyd to marry one of their daughters.

As Alfred listened, Boyd's wife took on the semblance of an ogress, and even when he saw that she was small and inoffensive and pleasant-faced, the reality did not drive out the picture he had built up in his mind. He scowled when she spoke to him, and the impediment in his speech was more marked than usual.

"He's rather dreadful," she said to Boyd.

"Dreadful? Good gracious, no! He means well, and he's faithful and affectionate. Just look upon him as a more than usually intelligent dog."

But Marjorie preferred a dog.. Alfred gave her the creeps, she said. Sometimes he went stealthily round to the back of the shed, where Boyd had built a cosy timber bungalow for them, and she would be startled to see his face peering in at the window. Yet when she went out to speak to Boyd, Alfred would scamper off, like a shy colt, and hover around until she had gone in again.

Boyd shook his head when she told him about Alfred's behaviour. He had never had any trouble with Alfred, but it was difficult to guess what went on inside that poor warped brain. Even Alfred himself could not pin down all the thoughts that went scurrying through his mind, but there was one which never moved. That one told him to get rid of the woman, so that everything should be as it had been before, and the way to do it was to make her dislike Tortmain as much as possible.

ONE afternoon he crept into the house, found a bottle of ink, and poured it carefully over the rugs and the cushions and the shining new furniture. They suspected him, but they could not prove it, and so they said nothing.

His next exploit was to steal a lineful of washing. Boyd found it spoilt and torn on a blackberry bush, and tackled Alfred about it.

"You must have done it. No one else would play such a trick. Come on, tell me the truth!"

Alfred stared vacantly.

"Very well," Boyd said sternly, "if you don't tell me, I shall never speak to you again."

Alfred quailed. It was as if a lost angel were to see Paradise receding. "I did it," he mumbled.

"Of course you did! And it was a damn rotten thing to do. Do you know what will happen to you if you do things like that? They will say you are mad, and they will lock you in a little room for ever and ever."

Alfred believed him, because Boyd was his god and could not lie. He went away and walked a mile or two over the moors. All around him was a great emptiness of air, and in that emptiness some skylarks were singing, and the sun was shining through it, and it was impregnated with the most delicious smells. He knew that if they locked him in that small room he would die. It was a pity, because he had thought of another good trick for sending the woman away.

But he could wait. He had the patience of primitive things. Something would happen, just as something always happened to strip the leaves from the trees and to pin them on again at the right season.

When Marjorie was going to have a baby, everyone in Tortmain, including Alfred, knew about it. The villagers counted the months and the weeks carefully. The women forgot that they had called her a foreigner, and were eager with offers of help.

Alfred didn't take much notice. Animals regularly had young, and made no fuss about it. He couldn't see that a baby would affect the situation either one way or the other. It was the woman who had spoilt things. He still believed that somehow, sometime, she would disappear, because that was what he wanted.

Gales were nothing new to Tortmain. Now and again they would come straight across the heather from the sea, and the villagers would bar their doors and put up with the smoke which blew back down the chimneys. But the cottages were stoutly built and had never yet blown down.

It was a wonder, however, that they stood up this time, for it was a real prize gale. It set the great trees tumbling like skittles, and it snapped telegraph poles, trailing the useless wires in the ditches of the lanes.

Then, as if that were not sufficient, Marjorie's baby decided to come ten days early. The women of the village lost no time in trying to manage the situation, and Boyd had to employ the utmost diplomacy to keep a round dozen of them out of his wife's room.

Alfred hovered outside. He wanted to hear what was going on, and the cold wind troubled him no more than it did the hardy birds who elected to spend the whole year in such a climate.

"Will you stop referring to our anniversaries as 'rounds'!"

Many hours passed, in that queer timelessness in which crises always seem to hang, and at last one of the women came to the front door. Boyd was pacing up and down outside.

"I don't like it, Boyd," she said. "It don't look good. Patsy and me we've delivered babies like picking blackberries, but we don't understand this one. I reckon you should telephone for the doctor."

It was then they both remembered the broken wires.

Boyd bit his lip. Wasn't there anything he could do? Suddenly he swung round. Of course! "Farmer Morgan's car!" he cried. "I was fixing it for him. Had to re-wire it, and got it finished yesterday. I'll go and fetch that doctor just as quickly as the old box of tin will go."

The relief on the woman's face showed how scared she had been. "Why, that's fine, Boyd!"

"Only — only I don't like leaving, really. If Marjorie should want me——"

"She won't. She's too much occupied at present. Besides, it's—well, to my thinking it's a matter of life and death to one of them, at least. Now you wrap up warm, Boyd. You can't drive fast if you're freezing to death. Where's your coat?"

"In the cupboard. I'll get it."

He tore open the door, one arm still not in his coat sleeve, and dashed round to the shed, thanking his lucky stars he had run the engine for several minutes that morning. She should fire with one press of the starter.

At that moment, he heard a sound which froze his blood. The sound of a car engine. He quickened his pace, and came to the front of the garage. The doors were open, and someone was driving the car out. He stared, and couldn't believe his eyes.

"Alfred!" he screamed. "Stop!"

The car came on. He jumped for it, but it was going too fast, and he missed and fell on his knees in the mud.

"Alfred!"

He knew the boy couldn't hear, for the car made too much row, and every second was getting farther away. Boyd ran after it. He ran even when it was out of sight, because his brain refused to recognize what its loss meant. Alfred was only playing another of his tricks, he told himself; he would stop a bit farther down the road.

He ran until he sobbed with exhaustion, until the last faint sound of the car had died away. He remembered, then, the ink and the ruined washing. Alfred had resented Marjorie from the first. Now he was murdering her child, and perhaps her as well.

His only hope was to walk to the main road and get a lift, though there would be little enough of traffic at this time of a cold autumn night.

HE felt as if he had walked for hours before he reached the main road. Even then the waiting seemed endless before he heard a car coming up behind him. He stepped into the middle of the road and signalled the car to stop.

"For God's sake drive me to town," he cried. "I've got to get a doctor for my wife."

It was only a small town, and merely a town by courtesy and by comparison with Tortmain. But it boasted a doctor, one doctor. The motorist dropped him outside his door. "Shall I wait?"

"No. No, thanks. I'll be all right now. I'll go back in the doctor's car. I can't tell you——"

"Don't try. Good luck!"

The bell went pealing away in the depths of the house, and when he was about to ring again, a window above opened and a woman's voice asked, crossly, "Who is it?"

"Please, is the doctor there?"

"No, he is not. He's out on a case."

Dismay almost choked Boyd. This one obstacle he had not considered. "Where is he?"

"I don't know. He was called away in a hurry and didn't say. Anyway, what's the use? I can't get him. The telephone wires are down."

"You must get him. This is urgent."

"So was the other case. They always are. I don't see why people can't be taken seriously ill in the daytime. Aren't a doctor or his wife expected to get any sleep at all?"

"What can I do?" Boyd asked, helplessly.

"Give me your name and address, and I'll send the doctor to you as soon as he returns. No doubt he'll be exhausted, but he'll come."

"Is there no other way?"

"Of course there isn't! Now do you want to give me——"

"Oh, yes. Stewart, The Garage, Tortmain. You will tell him to hurry, won't you?"

"Yes, yes! Good night!" And the window banged down.

Slowly Boyd turned and began to make his way back. There wasn't any reason for hurrying now. He had done all he could. If he were lucky, and the doctor was not kept long on the other case, the doctor's car might catch him up. If not—well, he was frightened what he would find when he did arrive.

IT was well past midnight when Boyd reached the end of the lane and walked round to the back of the garage. Lights were still on, and he could sense the air of bustling activity even before he entered the bungalow. In the sitting-room one of the women was making tea.

"Ah, Boyd, at last! We wondered what had happened to you. You've got a fine son, you know, and Marjorie is splendid, though of course she's a bit exhausted. Ten pounds, six ounces he weighed, so no wonder he took a while to arrive."

Relief took the power from Boyd's legs, and he flopped into a chair, realizing at last how tired he was.

"Thank God!" he said, when he could speak. "You did manage without the doctor, then."

"Goodness, no! The doctor's still here. Didn't you see his car outside?"

"No. I saw nothing. But how—he was at another case when I got there."

"That he was not! This had been his only case all night. It was Alfred who fetched him."

"Alfred!"

"Yes, and I think it was a miracle the way he drove that car, never having driven before, and him being a bit weak in the head. But there you are! Miracles are sent to give us faith. They left Farmer Morgan's car at the doctor's. It's quite safe."

"Where is Alfred? Gone to bed?"

"Not him! He's hanging around somewhere outside."

Stiffly Boyd got to his feet. Marjorie was still in the doctor's hands. He would see her presently. He had all his life for loving her, but he must say something immediately to atone for his cruel doubts of Alfred.

Yet when he found him out there, he could only put his hand on his shoulder and say, "Alfred, you're a good boy."

It was enough for Alfred. Boyd went in again, and Alfred moved away, walking a short distance on to the moor. The first streaks of dawn were showing behind the clouds, but in him the glow of happiness was like blazing sunshine. He had accomplished something noble and extraordinary, he realized. Everyone had told him so. The women could not do enough for him. But this was a small thing compared with the knowledge that he had pleased Boyd. He was a good boy, Boyd had said. At last he had found favour in the eyes of his god. He had rendered him a service.

One good turn deserves another, Boyd always said. The least Boyd could do now, of course, was to send the woman away!

BIG-FIGHT REFEREE IS CRISIS-PROOF

Boxers know better than to try any shady punches when Moss Deyong is around. He's been refereeing fights for fifty years and is used to dealing with trouble in or out of the ring

by STANLEY RUSSELL

EVERY TIME MOSS DEYONG climbs into the ring to referee a fight he is booed by a section of the ringsiders. His young wife, when she heard the uproar for the first time, turned to her neighbour and asked what Moss had done to deserve this outburst.

The reply was unexpected. "They're his friends. If there weren't any booing, Mossy would wonder where he was."

The booing of Moss Deyong is one of the oldest jokes in boxing. Nobody knows exactly how it began. The probable explanation is that there was some counter-booing after a dissentient audience had disapproved of one of his verdicts many years ago.

That happens to every referee. Not all of them have so many friends that they can rally a formidable chorus of cheerleaders to utter a defiant counter-blast and keep it up for years. Mossy has survived all the storms to pass his seventy-second birthday, and almost any big fight date now will complete his half-century in boxing.

Voice Millions Know

Every big fight spectator, and millions of radio listeners, will have heard his staccato and high-pitched order "Break!" when two fighters have adopted too loving a clinch. And many a performer, getting the bigger end of a beating, has heard his fatal but welcome "All right, that'll do" cutting across the thudding of blows to stop the contest and prevent unnecessary injury.

Once, in July, 1947, that sharp "All right, that'll do" came to the rescue of a crowd getting bored when he disqualified Rinty Monaghan for continued holding in the ninth round against Dado Marino.

That was at Glasgow's famous Hampden Park, whose huge crowd had already been thwarted in its hopes of seeing Marino wiped up by Jackie Paterson in a contest for the world flyweight title. Jackie was taken ill before the fight and a half-trained Monaghan was brought in as a sleepy (in a fighting sense) substitute.

It was the widest imaginable contrast to what Deyong describes as the most exciting of his fights, in the same place four years earlier, when Jackie Paterson deprived Peter Kane of the World, British, and Empire flyweight championships in one minute, one second—less time than it took the M.C. to announce the battle.

Amid all the turmoil that inevitably accompanied the bonny event of a Glaswegian capturing a world championship so sensationally on his own doorstep, Mossy stooped under the ropes and quietly walked away.

Only at the start of a fight does he have much to say, and then only the men standing on either side of him in the ring can hear it.

Turpin-Cerdan fight was easy for Deyong. Cerdan (right) won by K.O.

Crowds often wonder what a referee is saying during that whispered huddle before the gong goes. Certainly none of them uses the legendary "May the best man win."

Moss Deyong's version runs like this: "If there's anything you want to know, ask me. If there's something you don't know, I'll tell you. Fight clean. I don't want to pull you about; I'm not paid for that. You're being paid to fight, not me. Now shake hands and come out fighting."

No Slapping Allowed

As a rule, they do. And Mossy glides round them, at a safe distance from any punch that goes astray (though sometimes he has to skip adroitly out of the way of a contestant), yet near enough to observe whether the men are hitting with the knuckle part of the glove or breaking the rules by slapping.

He makes a silent count of each man's efforts to lead and to avoid punches. He must be on the look-out for butting or low blows, and, if one does go low, decide on the instant whether it was deliberate enough to earn disqualification or accidental and light enough to permit the contest to resume.

There is also a sharp watch to be kept for subtle little tricks. Many a boxer thinks he has got away with holding his opponent's arm on the blind side from the referee or with the detestable practice of rubbing against a cut with the heel of his glove.

These tricks were old fifty years ago, so a fighter born in, say, 1920 or since has little chance of pulling them out successfully even if he thinks there's no harm in trying. He never knows how much he gains or loses when, between rounds, Moss stands in a neutral corner and makes his points awards for the session.

The referee may award up to five points to each man in each round. Generally, the winner of each round gets five and the loser a quarter or half-point less.

Consequently, unless one of them is obligingly knocked out or retires or is so badly knocked about that the referee stops the fray in the interests of humanity, there is some pretty agile mental arithmetic to be done at the end. And when he announces his verdict, half the crowd will swear he has given it to the wrong man.

Then there is often a short, violent outburst of booing and cheering. The oily characters who have lost bets made in contravention of all the rules (as though that's anything new to them) move around uttering vague threats, and everyone settles down to the next epic of blood-letting. It is all so orderly now in comparison with some fight finishes.

There was a time in Barcelona, nearly twenty years ago, when Deyong refereed a bout between Primo Carnera and Paolino Uzcudun and disgusted the locals by declaring Carnera the winner. The mass of the 100,000 crowd converged on the ring.

Deyong could not understand their language, but their intentions were clear enough. "I smuggled myself to safety," was his laconic communiqué afterwards. How he managed it has never been explained.

Made Woodcock Give Up

But he has been involved in plenty of uproars, even in this country. One is still remembered, and the repercussions may not be finished yet.

Deyong was referee the night Baksi beat Woodcock, in the physical as well as the sporting sense. The slaughter began with almost the first blow and went on for over twenty minutes before Deyong called it a day on Woodcock's behalf, since the boxer still refused to do so himself.

A referee is in an awkward predicament in a case like this. He can only stop a fight when one man cannot possibly make up the leeway of his points deficit, if he is too badly hurt to continue, or when he is helpless to protect himself against blows that might cause serious injury.

Nobody realized at the time that Woodcock's jaw had been broken by that first ferocious onslaught; all the referee knew was that he was still technically capable of winning the fight. He, at least, can therefore be exonerated for whatever went wrong that night.

Refused To Fight

Deyong is used to trouble. One night in October, 1925, he took a busman's holiday and went to watch the Royal Albert Hall scrap between Johnny Brown and Harry Mason, then lightweight champion.

The two boxers suddenly rebelled against the man chosen as referee and refused to start. Promoter and officials pleaded vainly until someone spotted Deyong in a ringside seat and suggested asking him to referee. The boxers agreed, Deyong was happy to oblige, and the fight began, amid loud applause for the man who had come to the rescue.

Yet the hero of one moment was the villain of the next. Coming up for the last round, Mason was made a clear 4-1 favourite by the crowd, but the referee had other ideas, and declared Brown the winner.

That started what is probably the most undignified scene ever witnessed in the Royal Albert Hall. There was more fighting in the next quarter of

an hour, and by more people, than in the whole of the evening so far.

Then Harry Jacobs, the promoter, jumped into the ring and, in an effort to restore order, passionately declared: "No one can say what is passing through a referee's mind. But I'm going to say publicly that never again shall Moss Deyong referee in this hall."

It was a tactless way of giving thanks. It was also a poor prophecy. A month later Jacobs apologized. Today, twenty-four years afterwards, Deyong is still part of the fittings at a Royal Albert Hall show.

Sometimes the Deyong authority has extended outside the ring. Once he was at a London tournament where two overcoats were stolen. The owners were a police superintendent and his son, but the loss could not be reported officially, as the super was supposed to be on duty elsewhere. Deyong promised to help and was put in touch with a gentleman of the underworld who could give a lead.

Under His Hat

"You're a cop, ain't yer?" asked the contact when Deyong appeared. Then, realizing he had been undiplomatic, he added: "Take yer 'at orf and let's 'ave a look at yer."

The gleaming dome that confronted him was as bald then as now, and as unfailing a trademark. "I know yer now. Why didn't yer say 'oo yer was?" muttered the relieved spiv, who undertook to get the underground grapevine working to trace the missing garments.

Deyong, who was then running the family wholesale clothing business in Houndsditch, London, said:

"I want them brought along to my shop by tomorrow morning."

Next morning, a sheepish-looking rogue turned up with the tale that he knew where the coats were, but it would take thirty shillings to buy them back and he was broke. Deyong advanced the money and the garments were restored.

Referees are paid on a sliding scale that ranges from four guineas for controlling an entire programme costing £100 or less up to £50 or £60, sometimes more, for a championship fight. A contest that carries a total purse of £10,000 earns about £60 for the man who referees it. The fee it paid by the Board of Control out of their levy upon the promoter.

For many years Deyong never took a penny of his fees. In addition, he raised £300,000-odd in charity auctions during boxing tournaments. "I paid some of that myself," he reveals now, many years afterwards. "Several people who put their names on a list or bought things didn't pay, so I had to make it up."

Left Penniless

He had some reward for his labours when, in 1937, his admirers banded together and threw him a testimonial banquet at which the meatiest course, apart from the flow of honeyed words, was the handing over of a cheque for more than a thousand pounds.

A week later Deyong went into hospital, seriously ill. Medical fees took the lot. When he came out he announced: "I'm penniless."

He has recovered now and appears as sound as ever, medically and financially, though he jokes: "My grandfather lived to ninety-five, made a lot of money, and his only regret was that he couldn't take it with him. I've none to have any regrets about."

It would be more accurate to say he refuses to let anything worry him. One reason, no doubt, is the inuring effect of half a century of being booed.

Another is the way he spends the odd evenings when he is not at a boxing tournament, either as spectator or official. He has an uncurbable enthusiasm for playing patience.

PORTRAIT OF LYDIA

Continued from page 8

any. These ridiculous doctors order me from one place to another, and my life is lived, you might say, in short leases."

Arthur read the will and said, "It seems all right. We shall need another witness, of course."

"We only want two, don't we?" said Lydia. "You and me. Why, what's the matter?"

It was absurd that anybody shouldn't know what he knew so well. He smiled at her as he would have smiled at a child and said: "A witness can't benefit from a will, you know. We need some other independent person."

"Father, did *you* know that?"

MR. CLYDE said grandly: "I take no interest in the artificialities of the law. I leave them to this young man."

"One of your neighbours?" Arthur suggested.

"We hardly know them. Father's health—oh, if I'd only known, we could have brought Roger with us!"

"Then as you didn't," said Mr. Clyde, "may I suggest that the simplest thing would be to go and fetch him now?"

"But Father!"—she looked at her watch—"half-past eight, I couldn't be back before nine forty, say, and to keep Mr. Carstairs waiting about all that time——"

"You'll keep him waiting about much longer, if you're going round from one strange house to another trying to persuade somebody to come out on a damned cold night, and probably getting nobody in the end. Don't you worry about Mr. Carstairs, I'll look after him. You play chess, Mr. Carstairs?"

"Yes, rather, I—er——"

"Well, if you'd like a game——"

"Oh, I say, I'd love it!"

"There you are, my dear, you aren't the only attraction in this house. Now then, don't waste any more time, off you go."

"Well, if you really don't mind — Arthur?"

"It's quite all right—Lydia!"

"You're very sweet." She gave him a warm, loving smile, glanced up at her picture, and said in a low voice, "I shall be watching over you. Look at me sometimes." She pressed his hand. Mr. Clyde busied himself with the chessmen.

It was a curious game which they played. The strangeness of the pieces; the insistent presence of Lydia; the urge to look at her which made it so difficult to concentrate on the board; a sort of nightmare feeling that he could not escape from his opponent, that every move was a foolish move to which the counter was inevitable and should have been foreseen—and then, unable to be resisted any longer, Lydia, beautiful, desirable, filling the room.

The game came to an end with the noise of wheels on the gravel, so completely was it in the other man's control.

"Nine thirty-five!" cried Lydia gaily. "I beat our record, Arthur."

"I should say she did," said Platt. "Evening, Carstairs, I'm all of a tremble still."

Arthur nodded to him; as the family solicitor might nod to some rather undesirable member of the family with whom he had a business appointment.

"It's good of you to come, my boy," said Mr. Clyde. "Now then, Mr. Carstairs, tell us what we have to do."

"Lead me to the dotted line," said Platt, taking out his pen, "and watch me spell my name. You'll be surprised."

The will was signed "Philip Clyde," and witnessed.

"Exhausting," said Platt, putting his pen away. "I must have a drink, Lyd."

"Only a small one, darling, you're going to drive us back."

"That's nice."

"And you'll take forty-five minutes exactly."

"When they tell you, Carstairs, don't argue, just do it."

"Arthur?" She looked at him, decanter poised over glass.

"Just a very little," he said nervously. He had never drunk whisky before.

"There! And a very small one for me. I like driving fast, but I don't like being driven fast. We'll sit comfortably together at the back without hitting the roof. Through Barton Langley, Roger, it's the better way."

"Oh, right."

The moon had risen, relieving the blackness a little. Arthur and Lydia sat in silence together, a rug wrapped round them, clasping hands beneath. He saw nothing but her face beside him, her picture on the wall, and a magic future in which somewhere, somehow, they were together for always. . . .

"The Cap and Bells," said Platt, as the car came to rest, "and that's that, as far as I'm concerned. Lyd, you can take Carstairs home. And a very good night to you both."

"Thank you for everything, darling, ever so much."

He got out of the car, waved to them, and went inside. She moved into the driver's seat, and Arthur sat next to her. It was only a few hundred yards to his lodging. The street was empty. She turned to him, holding out her arms. He clung to her kissing her cheeks clumsily, whispering, "Oh, darling! Oh, Lydia!"

She guided his mouth to her own. He had never known such ecstasy. Oh, to die like this in her arms, his soul drawn slowly through his lips to rest in hers!

He was almost suffocating when she released him. She said smilingly: "Better than six and eightpence?" and then, "Darling, you must go." She reached across him and opened the door on his side. "Quick."

"I shall see you again—soon?"

"I expect so," she smiled. "In a day or two. Goodbye, darling, and thank you a thousand times. You can't think what a help you have been."

He was out on the pavement; she had pulled the door shut, kissed her hand and was gone. He stumbled up the stairs to his sordid little room. It was ten thirty. Just three short hours, and he had experienced a new world. He undressed. He lay in bed in the dark, seeing her picture on the wall.

That was Tuesday. On the Thursday morning he was summoned to Mr. Margate's room.

Vaguely apprehensive, feeling, as he had felt ever since, that he had done something unprofessional on that evening and was to be reprimanded, he went in. There was another man there. Mr. Margate said: "Oh, good morning, Arthur. This is Inspector Wells. I'll leave you to him. Answer his questions and help him in any way you can."

Completely bewildered, a little alarmed at contact with the police, Arthur waited. The inspector sat negligently on the corner of Mr. Margate's desk, one leg swinging. He was stocky, pleasant-looking, with a gentle, rather tired voice.

"Just a few questions," he murmured. "Nothing much." He smiled in a friendly way and added: "I can hardly ask you to sit down in your own office, but you'd be more comfortable."

Arthur sat down.

"Never mind for the moment why I'm asking these questions. If you do happen to guess, well, you're a lawyer and can keep a confidence. That right?"

"Of course."

"Know a man called Platt? Roger Platt?"

"I've met him once or twice."

"When did you last see him?"

"Tuesday night."

"Where? At what time?"

Arthur tried to remember. "At about

Continued on page 28

NOW YOU KNOW

THE BLARING RADIO next door has finally got you down. Its persistent nagging each day has haunted you from the time you've risen in the morning to the time you've gone to bed.

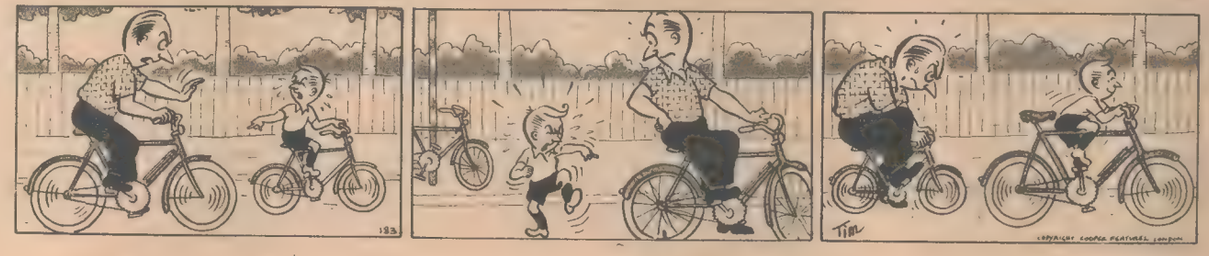
Of course, you've banged on the wall, tried asking your neighbour nicely to soft-pedal, even phoned the B.B.C.—but with no result from next door. What can you do now?

You *can* take legal action. If your neighbour's loudspeaker is causing a nuisance it can be restrained by a High Court injunction—but that's an expensive procedure. A better plan is to go to a solicitor and ask him to send a letter threatening such action if the radio isn't toned down. That generally does the trick.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT: Readers with personal problems can enlist the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Please enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



LAIRD OF BIRD ISLAND

by JOHN NIVEN

To the wheatears, redwings and plovers, the isle is just a staging post. But already it's probing their secrets

George Waterston steps ashore to watch his eight-year dream come true

WHEN GEORGE WATERSTON was thirty and penned in by the high, barbed wire walls of Kokonia prisoner-of-war camp, near Athens, he used to dream. Last year, he made the dream come true by buying Fair Isle, the most isolated inhabited land morsel in the British group.

Lying halfway between Orkney and Shetland in the North Atlantic, the island is bleakly beautiful, all wild cliffs and treeless moorland — but Waterston did not pay for its beauty.

He bought it because the island, less than three miles long and scarcely a mile wide, is a bird paradise. He knew that hundreds of bird species, flying to and from their summer homes, use it as a staging post.

He knew, too, that for the study of migrants, Fair Isle scores over other British observatories. Because of its isolation and small size, the survey of visiting birds is far simpler than it would be, say, on a large stretch of mainland where, in their brief resting time, they might never be noticed at all.

Waterston is slender and dark as a Spaniard and although he is a businessman—he was born into one of Edinburgh's oldest printing houses—he looks like a man who spends most of his time in the open air.

"The first time I ever went to Fair Isle," says Waterston, "was in 1932. After that, all my holidays were spent there."

Helped by a friend of his father, J. H. Stenhouse, a retired surgeon rear-admiral and a keen ornithologist, he learned about birds. The old sailor, white-bearded and energetic, inspired the youngster to an enthusiasm which he has never lost.

Falcons—And Paratroopers

In 1940 Waterston, then an artillery officer, was ordered to the Middle East. In January of the following year he was posted to Crete. He devoted his spare time to studying the birds of that Mediterranean island until birds of a very different feather began to drop out of the blue skies—German paratroopers. In the battle for Crete he was taken prisoner.

"I think I must be the only man," Waterston says now, a smile lighting his lean, grave face, "who has had a red-footed falcon and a JU55 in the same field of his binoculars."

During his prison camp years, Waterston planned, over and over again, his scheme for Fair Isle.

"I had drawn up the entire plan on paper," he explains. "Curiously enough, coming home the first land I saw was Sheep Craig on Fair Isle."

Sheep Craig is a huge rock mass on the island's east side. It thrusts straight up from the sea to a height of 500 feet and its summit provides ten acres of the best pasture on the island. All the year round, sheep graze on this plateau, hauled up and down by ropes.

In 1948, when he bought Fair Isle and became laird of its twenty crofts, the first part of Waterston's dream came true. Then he tackled the second part—making the island into a first-class bird observatory.

In October of last year the Fair Isle Bird Observatory was formed, including among its eight members such well-known naturalists as Peter Scott and Dr. Fraser Darling. Its job is to raise funds (the Pilgrim Trust had already provided £3,000) with which to equip and maintain the island as a bird watching centre.

A thirty-six year old Lancashire man, Kenneth Williamson, who had worked in museums on the Isle of Man and in Yorkshire, was appointed director of Fair Isle. Under his supervision some wooden huts, once the North Haven naval camp for radar crews, were transformed into a hostel for up to twelve visitors.

Fourteen bird enthusiasts, including Mrs. J. B. Priestley, visited the island last season. This year visitors (who pay five guineas weekly) are expected to total about a hundred. Two blue-eyed, golden-haired Faeroese girls look after the hostel guests.

Ringing The Nightingale

After his preliminary clean-up, Williamson tackled the job of building traps so that migrating birds could be captured for ring marking and scientific examination.

One was made by throwing a wire netting as a roof over a narrow ravine on the coast. Another was built straddling a dry-stone wall. A third was put up on a moor below 712-ft. high Ward Hill.

More than 300 birds, including wheatears, oyster-catchers, redwings and skuas, were ringed last season. Among the very rare ones was a nightingale. It was marked with a ring so small it weighed less than two grains. And, for the first time in Britain, a greenish warbler was trapped and ringed.

This season, the outlook is even more promising, for on one day more than seventy species of birds were observed, including a Kentish plover, until then never seen in Scotland.

George Waterston has ambitious innovations in mind for the future. He hopes, for instance, to use radar to follow birds in flight and further unveil the mysteries of migration.

He has other problems, unconnected with birds. Out of the island's seventy-five inhabitants only a dozen are women. No girl child has been born on Fair Isle for eighteen years.

I asked Waterston if he had any remedy in mind to balance this preponderance of men. Dark eyes twinkling, he said: "We may bring in more Faeroese maids."

The Weekly Mail Boat

He feels that the decline in population might be slowed or even stopped if communications between the island and the neighbouring Shetlands were improved. Today, only one weekly mail boat, *The Good Shepherd*, crosses the seas from Shetland. These seas can be exceedingly rough, especially near a spot called The Roost, where several ocean currents meet and quarrel violently.

It is impossible to listen to George Waterston talking about his island without realizing that, although his work keeps him on the mainland much of the time, he lives always on Fair Isle in his dreams—just as he did at Kokonia Camp eight years ago.

Night without stars

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

For a time my brain stopped working. My actions were mechanical and instinctive. All I knew was that I had to get back to the villa. The reckoning was coming

FALLING, FALLING, trying to clutch hold of something—grass, a twig, anything; then, blessedly, slithering on to a small, jutting ledge just a few yards from the top of the precipice.

There was no time to think. I had to get back up to the road. But try as I might, the story began running through my mind. . . . It started a year before when, half blind, I'd gone to Nice for a holiday. I'd met Alix Delaisse, and fallen in love with her. I wasn't the only one. She had a fiancé, Pierre Grognard, a wealthy restaurateur.

Alix had taken me to a café she called the Café Gambetta. It was owned by her mother-in-law, Mère Roget (Alix was the young widow of Jacques Delaisse, a partisan, killed by the Germans). I'd got to know and like the family.

But with Pierre pressing her to marry him, Alix had to promise not to see me again. From then on, everything went haywire. One day, she telephoned me. She was at Grognard's flat, and in trouble. I went, found the flat smashed up, and only Grognard there—murdered.

Advised by a friend to see Charles Bénat, a lawyer, I'd had another shock. Grognard was alive, Bénat said. He'd seen him since the "incident."

Baffled, depressed, I'd gone home, had the eye operation I'd been scared to think of before. It came off: the operation was successful. I could see.

Returning to Nice, I learned that Grognard had been "killed in a motoring accident." I knew better. I went to see Charles Bénat, realizing that he'd been putting me off the trail, and that he must somehow be involved. He was involved all right. The "Café Gambetta" was a black market organization, directed by him. And the murder? That was a little more complicated.

It went back to Alix's partisan husband. He had been captured because someone had "squealed." Suspecting Grognard, Alix had played up to him to try and extract information. But at the last moment, he realized what she was after and tried to murder her. She had telephoned me, but Bénat, her brother (as I realized later), had got there first and killed him.

He told me the whole story one night, on condition that I returned to England and left Alix alone. That, I said, was up to Alix. If, at the end of a week, she didn't want me, I would go.

For most of the week we quarrelled and irritated each other. Then, in the space of about half an hour, it happened: the old magic was there again. She loved me, would marry me.

Next day, Bénat rang and invited me down to discuss the position. Like a fool, I went. A few miles down the precipice road, I saw the lorry. It was waiting for me. I didn't have a chance. . . .

Now, scrambling on the narrow ledge, I heard my car crashing down the precipice. For the time being I was safe.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Journey's End

I LIT another cigarette, to make myself rest. To take my mind off the drop I tried to think about Alix again. Just then I saw with a furious clarity things that had never been clear before.

I saw that Alix's hostility when I came back from England had had instinct, and even common sense, at its back as well as fright. The ruling force in her life was Charles, and always would be. It had been hopeless from the start to try to break that down. For a few minutes last night I'd succeeded, but she'd slid back as soon as she saw him today. There would never be any permanent cleavage between them; it was like the thing between twins.

Only three cigarettes left, but I threw this one away half smoked and began to climb again. It couldn't be a great way now. My fingers and hands were sore and scratched.

The heat of the sun made the air shimmer across the other side of the valley where the slope looked gentler. It was on that side farther along that the Villa Lavandou was built—so as to get all the evening sun.

How Alix's hero-worship of Jacques must have piqued Charles. Queer he had not told her the truth if, after the war, he got to know about Jacques himself. Perhaps a dead hero was useful in keeping live ones away. Perhaps I should never know, and in this new bitterness it didn't much seem to matter.

I slipped.

MY feet slid only a matter of an inch or two, because I was in a very narrow bit of the fissure, but the shock brought the sweat out again. The rocks held me firmly and there was no danger of falling at all. I groped about with my foot and found the place again and pushed up. Nothing moved. I was fixed a bit awkwardly with my chest wedged between the rocks and not a very good chance of a firm foothold below. I tried to wriggle round and get a hand against something to push outwards, but didn't seem able to get the right sort of leverage.

The way I was stuck I couldn't quite take a full breath, and, of course, my chest felt as if about a million tons of rock were pressing on it. It was quite hard not to get into a panic and imagine oneself pinned there for ever. I tried to get my muddled brain to work, to see it as a simple problem. This was only difficult because there was nothing much to push or pull by. A friendly hand from above could have had me out in no time.

I managed to lower an elbow, and found that by doing so it could be wedged between my lower ribs and the side, so as to give a little extra impulse to the upward thrust. This would have to do in place of the other foothold.

Rest a minute. Now, let the air out, right out, tense muscles and heave. My foot slipped again. Stop, take three breaths, or half breaths, tense muscles, and again . . . no movement. My jacket seemed to stick to the rock. The whole weight of the precipice, of the road, of the cliffs above the road: Atlas, bearing an impossible burden. Crushing down a millimetre at a time. What nonsense. I tried to bring my knees up. No go.

Twist a bit, a fractional shift. Was it for better or worse? Another effort. Keep it up. No air yet. Another shift. My foot slipped once more, and I clawed with finger nails to stop any sliding back. Lungs expanded, a full breath of air at last.

Foothold again. Now, a match breadth at a time, claw away from the insupportable weight; fingers on a new grip, testing, pulling. I was free. . . . The rest of the fissure was climbed in a hurry, and after a minute I was getting my breath at the top, where it split into five or six cracks and was covered over by a steep pile of loose stones and rubble tipped down from the road.

NEARLY done now. Except for that one nasty moment it hadn't been at all bad. I fished out the cigarettes again. I felt a bit sick. The noise of the water was much nearer now. It was probably falling somewhere in the inner angle of the V, which was crossed by a road bridge.

Just at the moment I was in the most precarious spot of the day. This was where all the rubbish and all the fallen stones from the road above had evidently been tipped for years—and in course of time the thing had become a small moving mountain of rubble. Any time more was tipped on it, it would slither and slide down the side of the slope and so much would go over the precipice into the valley.

When I got out of the fissure my scramblings had sent a great shower of stones and rubble over the edge, and more had come rumbling down to take its place. I was sitting on the edge of this slope, and any attempt to climb it would be hopeless. But just round the corner, a little farther into the angle of the V, one could get out of range of the tip, and from here the bushes would make the last lap easy.

This cigarette went half smoked, like the last. With safety so near there was no holding back. I slipped and slid along the edge of the rubble, and more stones went rattling over the edge and vanished, as if they'd disappeared, not fallen.

There was just one bit left. Between me and where the bushes grew was a little bulge of rock shaped not unlike the upturned keel of a boat. It marked the end of the rubble, was several feet across and stuck out rather. It meant leaning face forward on it and stretching across to the firm ground on the other side. It was only an awkward stretch of four or five feet, made a bit chancy because the rock bulged out. Anyway, it was a safe enough foothold, just clear of the loose stuff.

I slid to the edge as far as I could and got my left toe fixed firmly into a good solid ridge of rock just clear of the rubble. Then I slowly leaned out over the projecting bit till my weight was fairly distributed. I put my right arm over, hugging the rock, and slid my right leg across to find the ground at the other side.

I groped and found nothing but smooth rock. Nothing at all. Because of my one-sided eyesight I'd misjudged the distance.

I was making some sort of a noise. I heard it almost without realizing where it came from, a sort of groan of protest that, having got so near safety, I was cheated right at the end. It seemed bitterly unfair.

I was only just keeping my balance and began to feel dizzy. The rock seemed to be thrusting me away from the cliff, as if it were in fact an upturned boat I was clutching as it pushed out into the air. I lacked the initiative to draw back or power to cling on. But because my weight just kept me there, I didn't fall.

I began to think vividly about the fall. The last one had been nothing except for the terror—just a slide. This would be quite different. I deliberately hadn't looked down, so I wasn't sure what was underneath. But from the way the stones had fallen it was likely to be a sheer drop. There'd be some seconds of knowing before the ground came up slap like a hand and obliterated you. Or perhaps you'd fall across a tree and break your spine. Or you might bound from rock to rock, hammered at every touch, until a limp rag of a dead man rolled in a bundle down the last gentle slope to the stream.

In lightheadedness and frustration I began to toy with the idea of giving myself the inconsiderable push that would start it all. Just a tiny spasm of the muscles, a lifting of the head and shoulders, or a shifting of the left leg.

It seemed to be quite another part of me which at the same time was thinking that when I did get to safety I should dream about this, have nightmares, for the rest of my life. As soon as I shut my eyes I should be back in this place, the wind flapping and pushing at me, over the fall. I should close my eyes as I was doing now and the cliff and the sky would slowly swirl round so that I was leaning on a slippery rock in space, turning over and over like a leaf, already falling, no feeling but the pain in my leg, falling. . . .

PAIN in the leg; that was real enough. Open my eyes; finger nails clutching at the rock, left leg aching. All the muscles quivering, threatening cramp. This was the only support, nearly gone. The cliffs and the sky steadied up. This was real enough; I was on the cliff face, no escape. Couldn't move to tomorrow and look back and think: it was terrible, but it's over. It wasn't over. There was no tomorrow—yet.

With a great effort I drew myself back, pushed myself back; crouched against the sloping rubble, trembling, fighting the dizziness and the panic. No way up. No way back—not down that fissure again. Shouting would never be heard here through the noise of the water. Queer to think this was perhaps just a few minutes before death. Not ill. But in

Deffand said: "Let me put a suggestion to you. If I get evidence against M. Bénat now, Mme Delaisse is free to do as she pleases." I didn't speak

five minutes, ten minutes, a couple of hours, whenever the brain next put it all in motion. . . .

Had all my life been working towards this, all heading for this senseless finish?

My head was hot. I smoked the last two cigarettes, trying to cool down. When they were done it would be time to make a last attempt.

I got my shoes off and tied about my neck. Then a wry idea took me, and I unhitched them and threw them round the hump of rock. They landed safely in the bushes. I wondered how long they'd last in the wind and sun.

Well, this was it, I thought. Either I had to stay here until I fell off from fatigue or it had to be faced while there was still some daylight. An extra stretch of the foot, that was all. I got up and stuck my toe in the same place and began all over again.

I think really I might have managed it quite well if I'd been in a normal condition; but as soon as I got the other leg over and began to stretch out with it the dizziness came back. It came in waves. It wasn't that I was afraid to die but that I was afraid to fall.

I stretched and stretched, groping feverishly for a foothold. The extraordinary feeling I got in the dizziness was that I was almost on my back clinging to an overhanging roof of rock, and that it would be hopeless even to get a foot grounded on the other side because it couldn't help. I dug my nails into the rock and pressed my face against it, absolutely unable to move. The damned wind kept pushing and pulling, and I cursed it weakly and fearfully every time a strong gust came. It seemed to suck at me like a vacuum out of the depths of the valley.

Every now and then the dizziness passed as before, and I knew I was standing upright straddled across the rock. My left leg was aching again and the knee beginning to tremble. Only a matter of time before it gave way. Had to do something before then.

I THINK it was in one of the worst moods of dizziness that it finally slipped, and I clung like a fly and felt the rock moving up slowly under my fingers. The sky was circling round. I jerked my right foot out and round the rocky ledge at last. It wasn't any use, because I was already falling with the cliff. The whole cliff side was toppling into the valley. I slid another inch or two as it swayed, and I moved my right hand, then my left, pulling into the shelter of the other side. Left foot was numbed and slow to move. It dragged behind. I hurt my knee. Then I fell forward into the safety of the bushes.

Sometimes when you go through an ordeal and come out of it all right you feel uplifted and thankful. That was the way when my eyesight came back. Other times the processes work differently. This was one of the other times.

There was no one about, and I sat by the road for ages, tying my shoes, vaguely straightening shirt and tie and trousers. They were in a pretty bad state, but it was instinctive to do something about them. Dizziness was better away from the heights, but a headache remained and I was chiefly worried about that, afraid it was something to do with my eyes.

No one passed, not a car or a bicycle or a walker. The sun had left the valley and the wind was dropping.

It would be nice to recall that sitting there out of reach of the cliffs brought me at least relief or satisfaction. I don't remember it. Everything tasted too bitter. The anger had gone and left this.

It seemed to me then that I'd failed in the one thing that mattered; indeed, that I'd never had the least chance of bringing it off. I'd failed where Alix was concerned, and because of that I'd somehow failed towards myself. All that remained was to tidy up the loose ends and go.

I began to walk up the road towards the Villa Lavandou. It didn't occur to me that there might be any further danger there. For a time the things I did were as if worked out and decided by someone else. It was all gone through by a stranger.

Not many yards on I found a rivulet trickling down the rocks, and I drank some of this and washed the blood and dirt off my hands. After sitting there for a good time I began to feel better.

As the villa came in sight I saw there were two cars outside, but neither was the Studebaker. There was an old chap working in the lavender fields, and he gave me a glance but no more. I was surprised at that. Either he took no interest in an unusual sight, or I was less unusual than I thought.

The sun had set now and the first twilight was fading. There were two or three lights in the villa, one being in the long Renaissance room. I was pretty clumsy and reckless, but I did have a twinge of caution at this point and made across the lavender beds towards this light, hoping to look in without attracting attention.

As I got near I saw there were about half a dozen people in the room, and the first one I made out was Alix in a chair. She didn't look as if she was enjoying herself. Armand Delaisse, sulky and flushed, was beside her, and Charles stood by the mantelpiece. They seemed to be arguing with a man who had his back to me. As I moved nearer someone tapped me on the shoulder. . . .

I jerked round: a man had come up behind me: a policeman.

We stared at each other. "Your business, please?"

My name is Gordon. I came to see M. Bénat."

"May I see your passport?"

I showed it him. He said: "Will you come with me?"

As we passed across the window I think Charles saw me. This development was a shock and I couldn't make sense

Make friends with Martell

MARTELL Cognac

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Garments with this label will not shrink out of fit

·SANFORIZED·
SHRUNK FABRIC

'**And don't forget** — *you should also look for the "Sanforized" label when buying pyjamas, overalls, dresses, and all washable cotton garments.*'

of it. The policeman opened the door of the house, led me into the hall, told me to wait, while he went off towards the living room. Bénat's usual servant put his head out of another room, his eyes scared and curious and faintly greedy, but he nipped back as soon as he saw me. Then another policeman came out of Bénat's office.

The first policeman came back.

"This way, if you please."

Down the familiar corridor. There were six in the room. A stranger just inside the door, the three I'd recognized, another man with his back to me. In the corner was the lorry driver who'd put me over the edge.

Alix said: "Giles! . . ."

The other man turned his head. "Come in, M. Gordon." It was Deffand. I'd forgotten his existence. I made sense of it all now.

Alix said, with a sort of pain in her eyes: "What is it? What's happened to you, Giles? Are you hurt?"

Armand Delaisse had hardly moved. I could see my coming had shaken up all three of them. Charles's clever, sallow face. . . . The lorry driver had gone a bit green. But it was Alix I was looking at.

She said again: "What is it, Giles? Why are you—like that? Tell me."

I heard myself saying: "Sorry to be —late."

She glanced at Charles and I think she jumped at once to the fact that he was somehow accountable. Her face changed, the last roundness went out of it; she looked like her brother.

Deffand said: "You've hurt your hands. Have you been in an accident?"

"Yes."

"Have you come by car?"

"I *came* by car."

Charles moved to a cupboard, poured a glass of brandy. Deffand's eyes followed him. Charles brought the glass over to me. "Sit down, Giles. You must be quite tired after your long drive."

We looked closely at each other. His lip had a cynical, defiant droop. My coming had finished it. The game was up—and he didn't care a damn. . . . It was part of the hazard, part of an expected malevolence of fate, part of his theory, fitting somehow into the pattern he'd made for himself. He almost welcomed it, as a masochist welcomes pain. I found myself suddenly hating him for the first time. I could hardly keep my hands off his face.

Deffand said: "No doubt you'd like some attention."

Charles turned away and the moment was gone.

"I'm all right." My knees were weak and I sat down. Alix didn't move; she was still staring at me. The quiet man by the door turned over a page in his notebook.

"Why did you come up here this evening?" he asked.

"Has anybody a cigarette? I smoked my last—on the way."

Deffand passed me one and held his lighter, taking in my broken finger nails and shaky hands. I wanted time to think. A quick decision now which would affect everything else. It was almost too much; my brain was too tired and slow.

"I came to see M. Bénat. Invited for six o'clock—things delayed me."

"My God!" said Alix. "My God!" And put her face in her hands.

Deffand glanced at her with a narrow, preoccupied frown. "What happened?"

I stared at the end of the cigarette.

Charles said: "Well, go on, Gordon, tell us what delayed you."

I looked across at him, thinking it out. "I should have hurried if I'd known there was going to be a party."

"I thought you'd be sure to know that."

I said, fairly calmly: "I'm damned

"By the way, do you heal easily?"

sure you thought nothing of the kind."

Deffand said: "As you'll guess, M. Gordon, I'm here in a professional capacity. I explained my mission to you earlier this week."

"Yes."

"Perhaps you know I have taken certain steps since then."

"I saw something in the paper this afternoon."

"You may remember I asked you to help me then and you refused. Your help would have been valuable, but you see, we got along without it."

Nobody spoke. Deffand lit a cigarette himself and began to blow smoke through his nose. "I'll be quite frank with you. M. Bénat and his friends are under suspicion for the same sort of offence. Their connection with the Café des Fourmis has been suspected for a long time. A search is at present being made of this house and its contents. It may succeed or it may fail. . . . The point is, M. Gordon, that I could arrest these people at once if I chose—but generally speaking time and trouble are saved by moving only on concrete evidence. So we again invite your help. I shall in any case make a clean sweep in the end. Evidence from you now would be largely a matter of saving time and trouble."

There was a minute's silence. Armand Delaisse was staring at me in a queer way.

I said: "You're mistaken in expecting me to be able to help you."

There was a faint stirring in the room. Bénat bent to stroke the dog.

Deffand said: "You know these people well."

"I've been up here twice this year."

"But you knew them last year also."

"I was blind then."

"You have spent several days with Mme Delaisse this week."

"We were out for pleasure. Nothing more."

Charles laughed. His face had that dark look, as if it was in shadow.

Deffand said: "I should like you to understand that it need not necessarily be a charge dealing with the things we've spoken of. What I want is evidence against M. Bénat which will give me greater freedom to act as I should like."

"How graciously you put it," Charles said.

Deffand ignored him. "Let me express this a little differently, M. Gordon. I understand your interest in Mme Delaisse. You must be anxious about her position at the moment, and her future."

"Possibly."

"Then let me put a suggestion to you. If I get suitable evidence against M. Bénat now I will give you my guarantee

that Mme Delaisse will not be molested at all. She'll be free to leave France or to go on living here if she chooses. She will cease to exist so far as I am concerned."

I didn't speak.

"On the other hand, if I have to follow these inquiries to the end, it will be my duty to charge everyone implicated. So it would be in her interest to speak now." Deffand looked at me dryly. There was a short silence. "I'm sorry you take this attitude."

"I'm sorry I can't help you."

"A foreign visitor to this country is entitled to expect special consideration. But it would be a mistake for him to think himself above the law."

"I've never felt that."

"Just what do you feel, then?"

"I think it would take too long to tell you."

"I am here to listen."

"Sometimes," I said, "private wars get out of hand, take precedence over—public ones. It would please me a lot to see Bénat go to prison. . . . But it pleases me more to keep him out. I can't explain why."

Charles said suddenly, contemptuously: "I've no use for magnanimity."

"I *know*." That was just it. That was what I'd been trying to get clear in my own mind. He had no place in his life for the magnanimous. It didn't fit. And because it didn't fit he would find it intolerable. For courage and all the virtues of the jungle, for revenge and betrayal and all the vices of man. . . .

He said again: "Don't let me tempt you into any gesture you'd be likely to regret. Deffand implores you to help him."

"No," I said. "There's nothing I want to say."

"You see," said Charles to Deffand. "He's trying to buy nobility by withholding what he doesn't know."

Armand Delaisse pushed his chair back with a sharp, irritable movement. "If this farce is over perhaps we can go." It was plain enough he didn't care two sous what was going on between us; all he knew was that I was willing to keep quiet.

Deffand said: "Have a care for yourself, M. Gordon."

"Can I go?" persisted Delaisse.

Deffand put out his cigarette. "You can stay, if that's what you mean. I am going. But don't make any mistake; I shall be back. Tomorrow, if some of your friends will talk. Next week or the week after if they will not." He breathed nasally. "As for you, M. Gordon, if I were you I should take the first train home. Come, Lemierre."

I said: "Are you going to Nice? Could I ask the favour of a lift?"

He looked me over, professionally, with contempt. "It is possible."

He went out, followed by the other man.

I looked at Alix. She hadn't shifted from her chair and she had her eyes down. She looked pretty bad. I thought bitterly, this is the last time I shall see her. It didn't seem to matter. I turned to go.

Armand Delaisse said in an undertone: "One moment."

"Well?"

"We were told—we understood—you had given us away to the police; that that was why we had been raided."

"Did you run the Resistance movement on wild guesses?"

"Immediately after your last visit here you were seen to go to the British Consulate. Next day your friend from the Consulate met Deffand at lunch. Then Deffand called on you. Two days later the Café des Fourmis was raided. That and your other interferences—can you wonder at our mistake?"

I stared at him, thinking over the sequence. The lorry driver had come across, and he, too, was staring at me.

"It was no mistake," Charles said. "All this is a little bluff between himself and Deffand."

Delaisse said slowly, rather angrily: "No. That can't be true."

I said to Charles: "Delaisse may have believed I talked. You never did."

"Oh? . . . Very positive."

I said to Delaisse: "Think it over for yourself. Bénat had his own reasons for wanting to be rid of me. He made use of you to do it."

". . . What does he mean, Charles?"

"My dear Armand, if you care to believe this fellow——"

"No, of course I do not. But——"

I said: "In a leader it's always the first sign of a moral rot, isn't it—the betrayal, the degeneration. . . ."

Alix hadn't moved. They would be waiting for me outside.

"Why didn't you tell Deffand about it, then?" Charles said.

I saw it all clearly again for a second. "I think it hurts you more to be under an obligation to me."

He stared: "'To accept a benefit is to sell one's liberty.' Isn't that what the old Roman said?"

"It may be."

"You think I feel the same?"

"I'm sure of it, yes."

He blew out an amused breath. "Well, thank you for being absurd. I accept the benefit gladly, since I might certainly lose my liberty the other way."

"Well, it's really exchanging one liberty for another, isn't it?"

"I'm intensely practical, my dear man. We'll argue out the principles another time."

At any price I wanted to say something to get at him. I said: "D'you remember that evening at the Wintertons remarking that to you—and to some other people—there was only one God, Charles Bénat, world without end, Amen?"

"Did I? Very intelligent of me."

"Wasn't it? But what happens when Charles Bénat starts lying not only to his followers but to himself? Isn't that a sin against the Holy Ghost?"

It did seem to hit him somewhere. "I don't think I follow."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

"No, wait."

I looked down at his hand till he took it off my arm. We stared at each other. Armand Delaisse was listening—so was the driver. A twist of annoyance went across Bénat's face.

I said: "Trouble with setting up as a tin god is that you've *got* to live up to your own standards—whatever they happen to be. Other mortals can fall short of them—not you. It's the one condition. Otherwise it all makes nonsense."

"D'you think I care what the devil you say or do?"

"Yes. Over this."

"Well, you're wrong. Run after Deffand: Tell him what you please."

"I used to think you a man without illusions. It was a point of pride."

"I've no illusions about you, Gordon."

"No. . . . Only about yourself—since you've already persuaded yourself into thinking you can accept your liberty from me."

"I don't accept my liberty from anyone!" he said savagely.

"What rot! You accept it from Delaisse, this other man and people like them, who do the work and take the risks. . . . You accept it from all sorts of simple, decent people who play up because to them you're still Bénat of the Resistance. Still a name to conjure with. They don't realize yet that it's changed—should be Bénat the Racketeer."

"Simple and decent. . . . Nobody's simple these days, and very few decent. They trust me because I let them have

Continued on page 27

"Why look, my dear, how very queer! Can Farrow's men have dropped it—the gang that comes to can our plums? They've picked the best and hopped it!" "My love, how kind, they've left behind a present; don't refuse it. It's rather cute, it opens fruit; you'd better learn to use it!"

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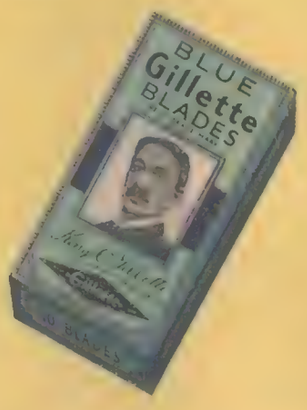

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NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from page 25

luxuries they couldn't get otherwise and bring a little colour and romance into their silly, drab lives."

"Yes . . . the little tin god again. So you take favours as your right. But it's not the same from me. I'm the atheist, the disbeliever. In future you'll only exist by my goodwill, and I know you're sham. We both know it at this moment. If you can't draw me into the illusion you can't go on believing in yourself."

I hardly knew what I was saying, but he stared at me as if his interest was caught in spite of himself.

"As if Christ had been cut down by the Roman soldiers who realized he was really going to die, eh? . . ."

"I'm not going that far."

"No. . . . Neither am I." He smiled, his lip judicial, drooping. "You've paid me the compliment of setting the stakes too high. . . ."

"It's you who set the stakes," I said. "I was afraid they were rather out of your class."

Just for the moment then, under his smile, he gave me a look that wasn't easy to take. He was going to say something more, but there was a cough in the passage.

"M. Deffand is waiting," said the plain clothes policeman.

I DIDN'T go near either the Wintertons or John to say goodbye. If I saw John I should quarrel with him for saying anything to Deffand. If I saw the Wintertons they'd overwhelm me with kindness. It was a bit rude, but I'd have to write to them. This last day in Nice was better alone. The train left at six. It had been hopeless to try for a sleeper. With luck I might get one side of a first-class carriage.

Anyway, it didn't seem to matter much. Nothing mattered any more. I'd been following a private mirage of my own, and the end was the desert one might have expected.

I thought I'd have a sleep in the afternoon, so I went back to the hotel and lay on the bed and smoked.

After a bit I went out and walked round the town, up the Avenue de la Victoire. Something made me turn in at the familiar café and sit down at the usual table.

I ordered white wine and sat gloomily sipping it. I didn't know how long I sat there, but when I looked at my watch it was five.

There was only just time to pick up my things at the hotel and get to the station. I hadn't the energy or the inclination to move. But if I didn't go today it was all to do again tomorrow. I was still suffering from shock, was stiff and bruised and could do with a day or two in bed. Should I stay? That was the coward's way. Better to make the clean sweep as intended.

Alix sat down at the table.

She said: "I've been watching you for nearly an hour."

She was as white as a sheet. I remember she was wearing grey, and that made her look thin and young.

I said: "Where were you?"

"Over in that corner. I was there when you came in."

At the sight of her something had turned over inside me. I wanted to say: "Oh, darling, I . . ." And then it all froze again.

I said: "What do you want?"

"I've been watching you, trying to come over and speak to you all this time. I hadn't the courage."

"Courage again?"

She said: "Listen. Can I talk to you for a few minutes?"

She put her hand on the table, spread out her fingers in that way she had. "Let me, please, say what I have to say—and then you can go. After you'd left last night I came down following you; but I couldn't go to your hotel—couldn't face you—I think you hate me now. I—stayed out all night—walked a lot. This morning I saw you go out to the doctor's. Since then I've been walking again. . . ."

I stared at her. "I don't hate you. Only I know now it's no use."

"What's no use?"

"Expecting you to break away from Charles. It's too strong for me."

Her lips curved down painfully. "I broke last night."

After a long time I said: "Why?"

"Because I'm an idealist, a romantic—what were all those things you said? Because I expect too much of all the people I love. Fidelity from my husband, loyalty from my brother, friendship from my friends. . . ."

"Dear God," I said, with a dreadful feeling of humiliation; "and what did you expect from me?"

She didn't answer, but sat there looking at her hands. "Yesterday morning—they told me about the raid on the Café des Fourmis; Charles said it was you. I didn't believe it. Only in the afternoon when you didn't come—and Deffand came instead. . . . When at last you came, and I realized what Charles had done, I saw then that you must hate me, for ever having any connection. . . ."

The waiter came across, but I waved him away. I saw her shoes were covered with dust.

"Did you come down in your car?"

"No. I—left it there—phoned for a taxi. It—was his car, bought with his money. . . ."

"You've been out all night?"

SHE said dully: "Yes. Oh, it doesn't matter. I felt I had to see you this once. Then I hadn't the heart. Then when you came in here. . . . I'm sorry if you've missed your train."

I said: "Listen, dear Alix. Listen to me." But then I couldn't get any more out. I swallowed to clear my throat, but it didn't help.

We stared at each other for a minute.

She said: "I want to cry."

"Not here. Come on." I put out a rather shaky hand to her.

"Where to?"

"Back to my hotel first. Have you your passport?"

"Yes."

"Thank heaven for that."

She made no movement. "But, Giles . . . are you quite sure again?"

I couldn't quite speak.

I took her back and rang up Maurice in Cagnes, asked if he could come over and pick us up. He said he could at nine. I told him it would be a long drive, but didn't say where. I didn't know myself yet. I wanted to be out of here as quickly as possible. It was a premonition. Alix had dark shadows under her eyes. It would be silly to underestimate what the break with Charles had cost her.

THE people at the hotel accepted the change of plans phlegmatically enough. My room was not let, and I was welcome to use it, they said, until I left. A few minutes after we went up the phone rang. It gave me rather a shock, and if Alix had not been there I don't think I should have answered it. I went across with misgivings.

"Hallo?"

"Giles? This is John. I tried to get you earlier."

"Confound you," I said, "for an interfering fool."

He sounded a bit taken back. "You mean—about Deffand?"

"Of course."

"My dear old boy, it wasn't of my seeking. He approached *me*. He was full of inquiries about you, wanted to know what sort of reputation you had—all the rest. Apparently you'd been seen hanging round the Café des Fourmis. I told him no more than I could help."

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry. You see, I naturally thought. . . . What's the trouble now?"

"Not trouble exactly. But I thought you might like to know. A fellow came in about five and told me that Bénat had given himself up to the police."

Queer twist in my stomach. Alix was looking out over the balcony.

I said: "On what—er—charge?"

"I don't know. You hadn't heard anything?"

"No. Nothing. Look, John, I'm leaving for England soon. If I don't have a chance to come round. . . . Thank you for all your help."

"Rather sudden, isn't it? Is everything all right?"

"Quite, thanks. You know I'd been intending to leave."

"Ye—es. What's happened about Bénat's sister?"

"I'll write you from England, John," I said.

At supper with Alix later a monstrous suspicion came into my mind. Charles couldn't separate us, but Deffand might. In a second the suspicion got out of hand. Was this Charles's way of taking up my challenge? Suppose he agreed he could not accept his liberty from me—and so gave himself up, *because* by so doing he could take Alix away from me again. Confession to Deffand—bringing in Alix—anything was on the cards—even a confession to last year's murder. Nothing was impossible in a certain mood. . . .

"Pardon me," I said, in a cold sweat. "I've just remembered I—have to phone."

I ran up the stairs, got to the bedroom and tried to think. Marseilles. I rang up the airport at Marseilles. It took a few minutes and then a few more before getting through to the right official.

"No, m'sieu, I regret there is no plane leaving for England before fourteen hours tomorrow."

"None in the morning?"

"No, m'sieu."

"Is there any leaving for Gibraltar or Malta—or Cyprus?"

". . . There is one leaving for Cyprus at thirteen hours."

I chewed my bottom lip. "Can you offer me *nothing* better than that at all?"

There was a slight hesitation. "We have an Iraqi Airways private charter in from Baghdad, Nicosia, Athens. It will be leaving at six in the morning for London, but I don't think there are seats. . . ."

Something in the voice made me say: "For a consideration. . . ."

"Well . . . I will see what I can do. Two seats, m'sieu. Be at the airport by five-fifteen. . . ."

When Alix came in I was on the balcony.

". . . Is there something the matter?"

"Yes, everything's the matter. I've got what I came for. Now I want to take it home."

She came and stood beside me. "Have patience, darling. I'm coming."

The evening was cooling. There had been great banks of clouds over the city during the afternoon.

She said: "Have you decided how we must go?"

"Yes. Marseilles, I think."

She looked at her watch. "The car should be here in half an hour."

We didn't talk much then, but I think I prayed.

She said: "I have no clothes, no money. . . ."

"Do be sensible."

She said: "Is this our car? It looks——"

A car had stopped outside the hotel and a man got out. It was Maurice. . . .

ON the way out of the hotel I said goodbye to the proprietor, told him we were leaving for Monte Carlo. Maurice came towards us with a smile and a bow, apologizing for being early.

A big car came quickly round the corner from the lower end, accelerated towards us, seemed about to stop, then passed on.

I let out a slow breath of relief. But there would be no proper relief for many hours yet. Not till after six tomorrow morning.

At the door of the car Alix paused, looked at me with a little turn of the lips, then round at the street, the houses, the shops and the sky.

She took a deep breath, as if filling her lungs with it. Then she got in. I followed her.

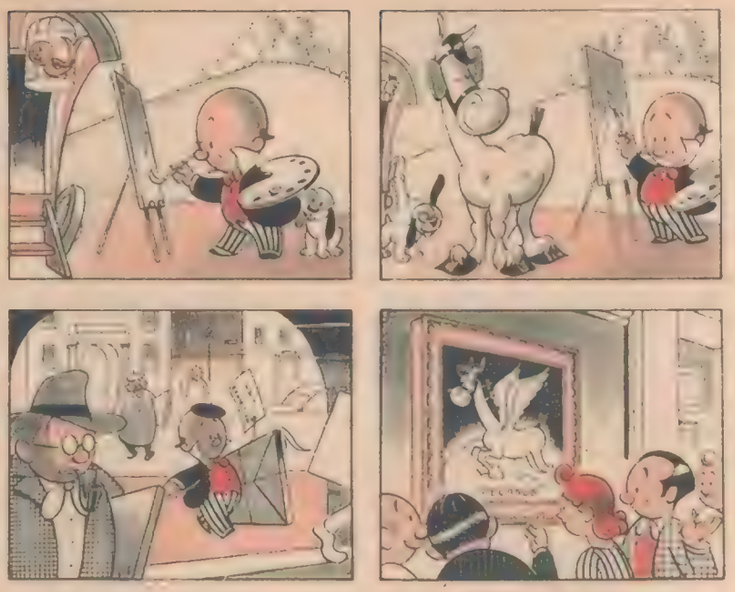
Maurice lit a cigarette and blew out a cloud of smoke. "I don't think it will rain after all," he said. "The stars are coming out."

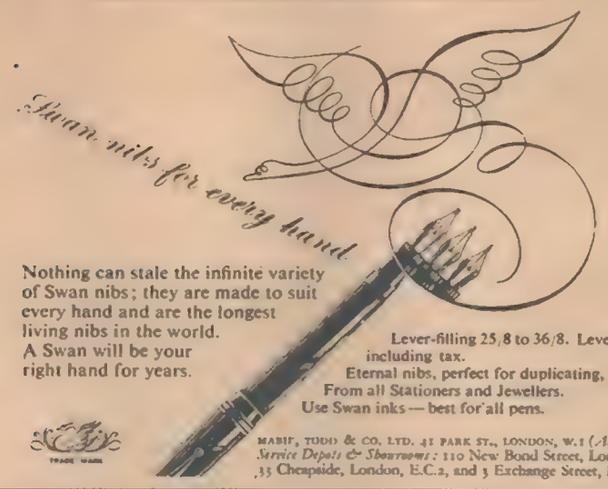
THE END

This JOHN BULL *serial, "Night Without Stars," by Winston Graham, will be published in book form next spring by Hodder & Stoughton, price 8s. 6d.*

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand





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PORTRAIT OF LYDIA

Continued from page 20

ten thirty, going into the Cap and Bells."

The inspector was silent for a little, swinging his leg, and then said: "I'm trying to confirm his account of himself on Tuesday evening. It involves among other people some friends of his called Clyde, who live at Norton St. Giles, and yourself. Now give me *your* account."

Arthur gave it. The inspector smiled and said, "I gather that the lady is not ill-looking."

Arthur blushed and said: "Yes, I mean no."

"All the same, if you can drive fifty miles on a dark winter's night for a lady, you can drive fifty miles for a mere policeman on a nice sunny morning, can't you?"

ARTHUR couldn't keep the excitement out of his eyes and voice as he asked: "Do you mean you want me to come with you to Norton St. Giles—now?"

"That's the idea. Now just a word before we start. You would, of course, vouch for the honesty and integrity of your friends the Clydes?"

"Of course!"

"Although you only met them on Tuesday. Well, I'm not saying you're wrong. But would you also vouch for Mr. Roger Platt?"

"N-no," said Arthur. "I suppose I wouldn't."

"You wouldn't—and I'm not saying you're right. You see, the police can't come to these quick decisions. To the police every man might be a liar, and every woman is one. I don't feel bound to accept the Clydes' word, nor Platt's, nor yours. But if you all agree on something, then it's probably the truth. What you've just told me is that Platt was in a certain place at nine thirty-five last night in the company of yourself and Mr. and Miss Clyde. If he was there, then he can't have been thirty-five miles away at nine fifteen—in which case I've no more interest in him. So, with your permission, we'll just make sure that you're speaking the truth, and that that's where you were yourself at nine thirty-five. No offence?"

"Of course not."

"Right. Then let's go. I've warned them that we're coming."

They went out to the police car. A constable driver was studying a map.

"Found the way, Lewis?"

"There seem to be two ways, sir. I don't know that there's much choice."

"Perhaps Mr. Carstairs can tell us."

Arthur was about to explain that it was much too dark to see anything, when he remembered.

"We go through Barton Langley," he said with the assurance of one who always did.

"That's right," said Lewis. "I thought that looked the better way."

"All right, then. Step on it."

It was like coming home to be in that room again; to see the picture, the two pictures, and the great chessmen under the window, and old Mr. Clyde with his Patience spread out on the chequered tablecloth, and now, making her even dearer, Lydia in a chair before the fire busy with her needle.

"I've brought a friend of yours with me," the inspector had said, and her eyes had lit up and she had cried, "Oh, how nice!" and held out a hand to him, and the old man had chuckled and said: "Hallo, boy, come for your revenge?" The inspector had managed it all very tactfully, leaving Lydia a little bewildered, a little anxious for Roger, and the old man cynically amused.

"Yes, you want to keep your eye on that gentleman, Inspector. Reckless young devil. You never know what he'll be up to next. What's he done now? Didn't run over anybody, did he, when he drove Mr. Carstairs back?"

"Of course he didn't, darling. I don't know what it's all about."

"Just a matter of confirmation, Miss Clyde," said the inspector vaguely. "You know how it is, one friend recommends a book, and you say 'Really?' Another friend recommends it, and you say 'Oh, I must get it.' Then a third friend recommends it, and you really do get it. Same with evidence."

Now he was saying goodbye to Lydia. Now he was saying goodbye to the other Lydia, the Lydia of the picture—oh, Lydia, my lovely!—and then he was in the car, and perhaps would never see her again.

"And that's where you were at nine thirty-five on Tuesday night, Mr. Carstairs?"

"Yes."

"Playing chess with Mr. Clyde when Miss Clyde came back with Platt?"

"Yes."

"Certain?"

"Yes."

"Good enough," said Inspector Wells regretfully, and began to talk about football.

SIX years later Arthur was in Cairo. He had been half round the world; he had kissed girls of many nationalities; he had climbed mountains, swum in strange seas, and spent more nights under the stars than he could count. He had seen life and he had seen death. Now he was in Cairo, having what he called a spot of leave.

A hand came on his shoulder and

turned him round. He turned a pleasant-looking middle-aged man in captain's uniform.

"Carstairs, surely?" said the other. "Though it's a long time since we met."

"I'm afraid. . . ." began Arthur, looked at the man again, and went on, "Yes, but I do know your face, only—I'm sorry—I can't for the moment——"

"I used to be Inspector Wells. Field Security now. Same job really."

"Of course! Nice to meet you again. Are you dug in here? I'm just on leave."

"Then you must let me give you a drink. Groppi's suit you?"

"Anything you say. It's your home town."

THEY sat out at a little table with their drinks, each of them, because he was in the company of someone who knew his own particular corner of England, stirred by a vague feeling of happiness.

"Did you ever see your friends the Clydes again?" asked Wells, after they had exchanged immediate news about themselves.

"No," said Arthur shortly. He could still feel ashamed of his utter surrender to that revelation of Lydia; still remember with contempt the feverish anxiety in which he had waited for some message from her, had written to her imploringly and reckoned the hours by the deliveries of a postman who never came.

At last he had hired a bicycle and ridden out one Sunday, to find the house in possession of new tenants who could give him no forwarding address.

And although five years in the Army had put her now in her right place, somewhere well below the Waafs and the Ats and the pretty Italian girls with whom he had fallen in love since, he could still imagine himself meeting her again and discovering that nothing had changed between them.

Wells puffed quietly at his pipe for a little while.

"I could have told you this five years ago or more. In fact, I went round to see you, but you'd already joined up. Funny our meeting like this. I often wondered—when I asked you all those questions, did you know what I was after?"

"Not at first. I hardly ever bothered with the papers in those days. Afterwards, when I heard about the jewel robbery at Glendower House, I wondered if it was that."

"It was."

"And you thought Platt might have done it? I shouldn't have put it past him."

"Well, yes and no. It wanted somebody quicker and neater and more active to do the actual robbery, but there was evidence to show that he had been interesting himself in the layout of the house—hanging around, taking her ladyship's maid to the pictures, that sort of thing. My idea was that he prepared the ground, and somebody else nipped in and did it. Possibly there was a third person in the background who organized it all."

"But you never got them?"

"Oh, yes, we did. Not then, but later on when they worked it again in another part of the country, and we found some of the Glendower stuff on them. And then we got the whole story out of them, from Platt chiefly. A nasty piece of work, Platt."

"Platt?" said Arthur, astonished. "You mean he *was* in the Glendower show?"

"Oh, yes. The girl actually did it, of course, and it was Clyde who had worked it all out. A great organizer, that man, and a great artist. Pity he had to go to prison, he'd have done well in the Army."

"The girl?" cried Arthur. "What are you talking about, Wells? Lydia? Look, perhaps I'm getting it all wrong. "When did the robbery take place?"

WELLS said: "Everybody was at dinner, all the bedrooms empty. It was the night of the Hunt Ball, but the women didn't really plaster themselves with the stuff until they were ready to start. So she made a pretty good haul. Accidentally, as we thought at first, she knocked over the ladder as she came down. It crashed on to the terrace, and brought everybody out. The moon had just risen, and they saw a figure running. Time, definite and fixed, nine fifteen."

"And twenty minutes later she was thirty-five miles away!"

Wells didn't say anything, and Arthur asked a little anxiously: "Glendower *is* thirty-five miles from Norton St. Giles, isn't it?"

"Ten miles due south of Kingsfield, and another twenty-five north. That's right."

"Well, then!"

"This is the ingenious part." He put a hand for a moment on Arthur's knee, and said: "Don't think that you have anything to reproach yourself with. I was taken in just as badly, and I was a policeman."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you see, Carstairs, you never were at Norton St. Giles. You were never more than a mile from Kingsfield — and ten miles from Glendower House."

"But—but, my good man, I went there with *you*!"

"Oh, next morning, yes."

"To the same house."

"No."

"But I could swear——"

"You couldn't swear it was the same house, because you never saw the house that night. You saw one room."

"All right, then, the same room."

"No."

"Really, Wells, I know I was an innocent young fool in those days, but I wasn't blind."

"Everyone is blind to the things at which he isn't looking. What did you see in that room? That picture? What else? Go on, describe the room to me."

"The other picture, the Corot. The chessmen on the table by the window. The big table with a check tablecloth—er—dammit, it was six years ago—oh yes, there were some patchwork

Continued on page 30

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS L. MAYS'S cover kids this week are engaged in the old family game of passing the buck. "A sad reflection on the heroism of humanity," says Mays. "But I expect the scene is familiar to all parents. Speaking personally I find it next to impossible to get any of my young children to play the part of George Washington!"

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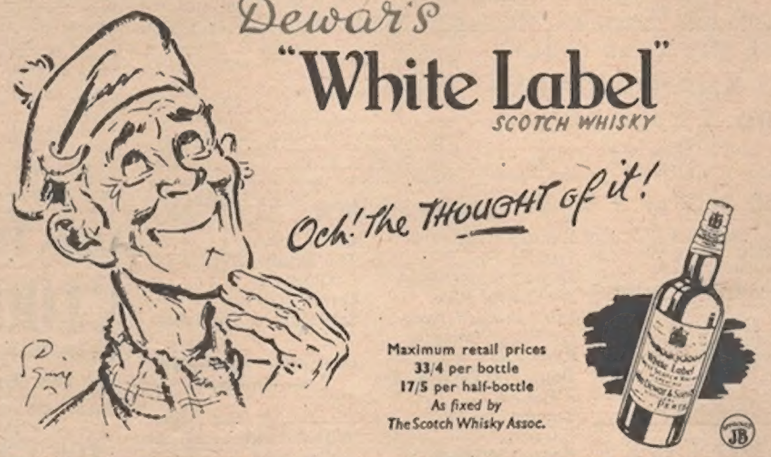

Serve grand-tasting GRAPE-NUTS

THEY'RE SO DIFFERENT . . . crunchy, satisfying, nourishing! Ready-to-serve Grape-Nuts are made from wholemeal wheat and sweet malted barley! And how thrifty! Helping for helping, Grape-Nuts cost less!

By themselves—
Weston's
Cream
Crackers

You may be fond of cheese, or jam, or honey, and yet prefer Weston's Cream Crackers by themselves. But try for yourself. Flaky, light and creamy in flavour; very specially made from finest ingredients obtainable.

Weston's
BISCUITS

1,000 Christmas Dinners for "Bullets"

SEVERAL tons of Christmas turkeys, fowls, puddings and cakes will be won by entrants in *Bullets* and JOHN BULL Crosswords during the next few weeks.

There is no reason why yours should not be one of the 1,000 homes in which a *Bullets* bird is enjoyed on December 25. Enter this week's best effort and your prize feast will be to celebrate winning £500 in solid cash.

See how to score by studying the winning *Bullets* on this page and then get busy with your entry for this year's first big offer of cash and Christmas feasts. Your coupon is waiting—see you post it by Monday, October 24.

First Xmas Feasts

£500 "Bullets" 1st PRIZE plus XMAS TURKEY

£50, £25, £20, £15, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5, 5 of £2 10s. each plus XMAS TURKEY

20 XMAS TURKEYS

100 XMAS FOWLS

3,000 "Good Shot" Awards

XMAS CAKES—See coupon below

RULES

1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 12 and in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Helping Britain	Office Windbag
Election Pie	The Beauty Of It
Democracy At Work	Gobbled Up
Wonderful Time	Our Village Bus
We'll Never Forget	Straining At The Leash
On Fame's Pinnacle	
Respected	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Don't Get Excited, But	
A Failure	.....Of The Atom
Banging The Drum	With A Few.....
Curious	"Why The.....?"
Doesn't Want Much	.....Day
Kept Quiet	Took Dad.....
His Glasses	Always ..... And
Madder And Madder	

ANOTHER 140 XMAS DINNERS

coming in next week's "John Bull" — also in *Bulletin* dated November 5 —apply on coupon below

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,703 (or Xword 655) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

XMAS CAKE BONUSES

A delicious Xmas Cake accompanies each of the 140 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Closing Postmark, **1,703** MON., Oct. 24

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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APPLY on this COUPON for "BULLETS" and CROSSWORD GUIDE

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for eight weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE. If requiring Specimen copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

For SPECIMEN copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* (dated Nov. 5) **STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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516

8 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 650

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Pets. 3, Fluff. 7, Parents. 10, Peal. 12, Tar. 13, Hodge. 14, Snack. DOWN: 1, Poet. 2, Ship. 4, Lively. 5, Furs. 6, Cane. 8, Manor. 9, Break. 11, Woes.

EIGHT £100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. Beecroft, 75 The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster; Mrs. F. Dixon, 2 Waverley Street, Tibshelf, Derbyshire; Mrs. D. Dowling, 36 Aubrey Road, Bristol, 3; Mrs. S. Patrick, 141 Malt Mill Lane, Blackheath, Birmingham; G. Reid, 59 Nantwich Drive, Edinburgh, 7; J. Rishton, 26 Thurston Street, Burnley; R. J. Tapper, 7 Baines Cottages, High Wycombe, Bucks; R. Yellop, 32 Camp Road, Norwich. In addition, Winners receive 20-lb. Food Parcels.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 46 entrants. Useful "Signpost" prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

"Bullets" Winners 1,698

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Radio: Miss L. R. Osborne, 39 Lanark Street, Chaddesden, Derby:

ANYONE CAN SHOUT, BUT TO BE "HEARD," *Think!*

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Radio: C. Gerrard, 337 Higher Lane, Crank, St. Helens, Lancs: To THE BRITISH — EXPORTERS — "ALL THE BEST!"

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Radio: E. Y. Harvey, 180 Victoria Street, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent: OPENED THE DOOR — DEVALUATION — *Now* "PUSH"!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. E. Oldknow, 16 The Dimbles, Lichfield: WHAT GRANDMA MISSES—THAT SHAKY, STEADYING HAND. £10: J. Wilson, 19 Colley End Road, Paignton: HUMBLE PIE—ALREADY "NOURISHING" *Fourth* REICH? £5: E. Beardmore, 7 Albert Street, Ilkeston: AUSTERITY'S CLOUDS — AND "MOUNTAIN"—PEACE PICTURE! £5: A. Culling, "Belmont," Gunville Road, Carisbrooke: HEAVILY HANDICAPPED — HOUSEWIFE—*Seven* "RACING DAYS." £5: A. E. Jones, 21 Fairmead Road, Liverpool, 11: OPENED THE CONVERSATION—MISSUS—TWENTY YEARS AGO! £5: Mrs. B. West, 38 Mill Road, Eastbourne: WHEN MAN WINS—MAN OVER. "MANOEUVRES" OVER. £5: H. T. Williams, 211 Cardiff Road, Aberaman, Aberdare: "I DIDN'T FINISH IT!" — PANTED GRANDPA, OVERTAKING TOURIST!

Above seven prizes also each plus Radio. For 10 winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

25 Prizes of £1, 50 "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

XMAS FOWLS and PUDDINGS for XWORDS

£100 1st PRIZE CASH plus XMAS FOWL and PUDDING for £100 Winner or each sharer

Awards value £25 amongst 1st Runners-up AND UP TO

100 XMAS FOWLS and 100 XMAS PUDDINGS

(Fowl and Pudding with every 1st Runners-up Award value 5s. or over.)

"Signpost" Prizes for 2nd Runners-up.

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

XWORD 655

Across Clues

1. Carpet may be so contrived as to cover them
5. How vastly different life would be without it
6. People living up river pay heavier insurance against flood because of likely this
7. Full these indicate a highly satisfactory state of affairs
9. One is commonly taken with splash
10. Many a taxpayer feels this even if he doesn't feel fleeced
14. May well be the making of an act

Down Clues

1. A man should be careful before having anything to do with
2. Success often gives a man more these
3. Right planning should enable us to avoid
4. You don't expect ordinary fellow to stick it out
8. Don't overload one
11. Where footwork is very important
12. It's sometimes difficult to discern what, precisely, is at bottom of
13. May well take your breath away with its impudence

FIRST XMAS FEASTS with THIS WEEK'S PRIZES

1S	T	2A	I		3S	■	A	R	4C
H	A	I	R	■	L	A	T	C	H
A	■	■	■	5	U	N	■	■	E
6R	I	S	■	■	7M	A	R	■	S
■	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	■	■
S	I	8S	T	■	9	I	P	■	■
■	10S	H	O	11R	■	■	L	A	12W
13L	I	E	■	I	■	O	S	■	■
I	S	L	A	N	D	S	■	A	L
■	655	■	■	■	■	14B	■	L	L

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated November 5.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

655 Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 24

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

PORTRAIT OF LYDIA

Continued from page 29

cushions, and—er——" He tried to think, but all he could see was Lydia.

"You see? Everything you remember was movable. It could all have been put in a car, and taken from one house to another; from Clyde's house in Norton St. Giles to Platt's house outside Kingsfield.

"Oh, he knew his stuff, that man Clyde. He knew that a young bachelor living in lodgings doesn't take in a room as a woman does, or even as a married man might. Give him something to fix his eyes on, and the rest goes by. So he gave you the portrait of Lydia, and the chessmen—your two loves, so to speak—and they furnished the room for you."

"But she drove me there——"

"In the dark, to Barton Langley and back, same as when Platt drove you home. When Lydia left you and Clyde playing chess, she drove straight to Glendower House, ten miles, did the job, and drove back to Platt's house where you were just finishing your game.

"Platt, who was in the pub until nine, walked over and met her outside. Then they burst in together, straight from their supposed twenty-five mile drive. Easy."

ARTHUR sat there, trying to take it in, trying in the light of this revelation to remember all that she had said to him, all the lies which she had told him.

"Was he really her father?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly."

Well, at least she had told the truth about that.

"Oh, sorry," said Wells. "I see what you mean. No, no, Clyde was her husband."

"Her *husband*?"

"Yes, he's quite a young man. It was Platt who was her father."

Lies, lies, nothing but lies! All lies!

"I daresay it didn't give the girl much chance, having a father like that. Just a common crook. Clyde was the genius, an artist in every sense of the word. He painted that picture, you know."

"Oh?" He didn't want to think of the picture now.

"Typical of him." Wells laughed gently. "It wasn't the girl at all. Just a professional model for 'Dawn' or 'Summer,' or whatever he called it. He painted his wife's face specially for the occasion. Thought that it would occupy your attention more. He thought of everything."

All of it lies, and this the crowning lie of all! He could forgive her everything but this, this outrage on his modesty. Damn her! And who the hell cared? Edna was having dinner with him tonight. A really good sort. And quite pretty.

"Oh well," he said indifferently, "that was a long time ago. I was a bit younger then. What about another drink? It's my turn this time."

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P.47

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You'll enjoy all your meals, if you keep Rennies by you

When stomach pain follows meals, excess acid is usually causing the trouble. Rennies tablets are specially made to neutralize this *naturally*.

Take two Rennies and suck them slowly like sweets. Drip-by-drip, they get rid of the excess acid in your stomach, and restore it to peace and comfort.

If Rennies don't *relieve your indigestion, it's time you saw your doctor.*

Individually wrapped for pocket or handbag, Rennies can be carried with you always, ready to dispel that first feeling of discomfort after meals. From all chemists — 25 for 9d., 50 for 1/5, or, in the big economy size, 100 for 2/8. (All prices include tax.)

DIGESTIF

RENNIES for happy stomachs

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ALICE IN POSTERLAND

Drawing by HANNA

Boomerang!

"Look what I've found," exclaimed Alice.

"Why," cried the Kangaroo, "it's a boomerang!"

"Does it taste like an ordinary meringue?" Alice asked hopefully.

But the Kangaroo wasn't listening. "A boomerang!" he exclaimed. "It all comes back to me! The outbacks . . . Guinness . . . ah, how good it tastes when you're hot and tired . . . sitting in the shade of a blue-gum tree."

"My Goodness, it comes back to *me*," said the Keeper, as he deftly took the glass of Guinness that the Kangaroo had just poured out.

G.E.1455.D